

June 1951

50c

# COMBAT FORCES

Infantry Journal • Field Artillery Journal

Two articles by  
**COL. S. L. A. MARSHALL**

Impressions

**FIVE MONTHS IN KOREA**

Combat Narrative

**BAYONET ATTACK**

## See Yourself Here?

**L**OTS of time is being spent on teaching Techniques of Instruction in an effort to improve the efficiency of Army Schools. But how about the students? Are they all eager, innocent characters to be moulded by instructors who may be good, bad or indifferent? Hardly. Perhaps we need a course in Techniques of Learning. If we had one it would certainly cast a baleful eye on the types of students depicted here. If you fit one of these categories you are not improving yourself or the Army.



**PROBLEM FIGHTER**

"We s'posed to do it the right way or your way?"



**PSST, JABBER, JABBER, JABBER**

"It took two fifths but I got her azimuth"



**NEVER-ENDING QUESTIONER**

"In this case what? How about that? When do we . . ."



**KNOW-IT-ALL**

"Now in the XYZ Theater I did it this way"



**MOPER**

"Wish I had a comic book; no point in listenin' to him"

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Mission successful, pilots turning to this life base, stat

These Col. A office Evacu Air D of the by the cal that large since Comb estate rema ber o airlit ility it highly of th Sinc in Koh ed ri Nation wound causi Korea ed by enemy ed and flight. caring swelle recent in a for ing th 30 Sep ber

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## TO THE EDITOR

### More Rifle Fire

To the Editors:

I should like to express my satisfaction with "We Can Have More Rifle Fire" by Major Hiatt in the April JOURNAL. A perfectly splendid treatment. My congratulations to Major Hiatt.

JOHN D. SALMON

IG Sec Hq 3d Army  
Fort McPherson, Ga.

### St. Sebastian

To the Editors:

I vote for St. Sebastian for Patron Saint of Infantry. I was surprised St. Joan of Arc was not mentioned.

I think the JOURNAL is excellent. Both the magazine and the book service have been a big help in my ROTC classes.

JOHN F. SLOAN

516 Santa Barbara Rd.  
Berkeley 7, Calif.

### Army Aviation

To the Editors:

One of the most disappointing features of the early combat in Korea has been the ineffectiveness of air support for ground troops. It is disappointing, but it is not surprising.

The Air Force, with an understandable primary interest in long-range strategic bombing, has put its postwar emphasis in that field at the expense of tactical air strength. There is nothing wrong with that, except an attitude which seems to be: "We do not want to do much with close support—you are not even supposed to call it support any more; it's cooperation—but we do not want the Army to do anything about it either." That is the attitude which greeted the introduction of light liaison aircraft in the field artillery, and later in the infantry.

It is a pity that by "unification" the Army lost its air arm. There is a place for an independent, strategic air force, but that does not make any less the need of the Navy

for its air arm, the Marines for theirs—or the Army for its combat aviation.

Attempts to divide responsibilities purely according to weapons—assign everything that flies to the Air Force, everything that floats to the Navy, and everything that operates on the ground to the Army—cannot be a workable solution. The assignment must be according to the mission. The Infantry uses rifles, but it does not object to the Navy's having them; the Armored Cavalry uses tanks, but that does not preclude the Infantry's using them. Neither should the Air Force's use of aircraft prevent the Army, Navy or Marines from having air power that fits its needs.

It might be possible to divide responsibilities, concerning air operations, somewhat as follows:

### AIR FORCE

Strategic bombing  
Tactical missions in priority one: air superiority  
Priority two tactical missions: isolation of battlefield  
Military Air Transport Service  
Air Defense of the United States, including organic control of antiaircraft artillery and warning systems  
In combat theaters, air defense (including AAA) of communications zone areas.

Reinforcing army aviation escorts for airborne operations.

Long-range photo-reconnaissance

### ARMY AVIATION

Tactical missions in priority three: support of ground troops.  
Troop Carrier: airborne operations  
Aerial resupply of ground armies  
Air Defense, including AAA, of army areas in combat zones  
Close-in reconnaissance, including photo



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### Liaison and observation

Reinforcing Air Force in priorities one and two tactical missions.

Close liaison and cooperation between the services would still be essential. There would be many occasions for mutual support. But the Army would have the types of planes it considered necessary; the touchy problem of command would be largely solved; and the Air Force could concentrate its interest and resources in activities in which it has a primary interest.

About the only objection to this would be the usual Air Force argument that the principle of mass is being violated. My answer is that we have done it with armor: we have armored divisions to employ tanks in mass, and we also have armor in infantry divisions and regiments for close support. Should urgent occasions arise where greater mass is required for certain missions, it ought to be as easy for army aviation to provide reinforcement to the Air Force as it was for the RAF to reinforce the AAF on occasion during World War II.

A set-up similar to the field artillery fire direction center to coordinate close support aviation is necessary.

JAMES A. HUSTON

Purdue Univ.  
Lafayette, Ind.

### Jump to Tanks

To the Editors:

I was interested and disappointed in the article "Don't Jump to Tanks" in your March issue. In my opinion if the Army does jump to tanks it will be the first time in its history it has really backed a real tank program and not a moment too soon. The thoughts revealed by the author of the article indicate an attitude that is dangerous to our defense program.

The mobility and fire power of the tank make it an excellent defensive weapon. It can counterattack rapidly and to a purpose. We should all back the new tank program and see what our armored people can do with the new family of tanks that is about to come off the assembly line.

The article was very discouraging.

CAPT. GEORGE S. PATTON  
Co. C, 63d Tank Bn.  
1st Inf. Div.  
c/o PM, New York, N. Y.

### Inspectors

To the Editors:

I now have a new job for somebody. There should be a Reality Control Corps whose members would visit training centers disguised as enlisted men or company grade officers in order to determine whether or not the methods and doctrines are realistic instead of eyewash.

Even such an institution as the Infantry School can occasionally depart from reality, and I strongly believe that an

army which departs from reality is in for trouble, especially with the kind of enemy we have now.

LT. STEPHEN T. MEADOW  
9th Inf. Div.  
Fort Dix, N. J.

Continued checks are made by competent officers of Army Field Forces and the Department of the Army. But they are not underhanded and disguised. Our Army needs no Gestapo and if one were created the occasional lapses detected by it would be more than offset by the terrible effect the existence of such an organization would have on the Army.—THE EDITORS.

### Combat Badge for All

To the Editors:

The soldiers—doughboys and medics—who are now fighting their second war are awarded a distinctive combat badge. However, I feel that combat soldiers in the Armor, Artillery, and Engineers should be awarded a combat badge denoting their arms. All the ground forces in Korea today are suffering the same physical and mental discomforts of fighting. The blood, sweat, and tears of the infantrymen and medics cannot be distinguished from those of the others.

The actual value of the Combat Badge is small—the meaning of the Badge is great—to the man who wears one.

M/SGT MATTHEW C. RYAN, JR.  
Box 102  
Danville, Va.

### Legree Rides Again

To the Editors:

Every once in a while I wonder how we ever win a war.

Take for instance DA AGO Form 353, 1 Dec 50, Reserve Officer's Qualification and Availability Questionnaire. Somewhere between its inception and its travels through the Pentagon, including the Office of the Army Comptroller (where it received a reports control symbol) and the AGO (where it was reproduced), at least one bright young man might have saved it from becoming another example of "the Army way."

You're a Reserve officer, and you get the form to fill out along with an unnecessarily nasty warning that if you don't complete it and send it in within ten days dire things will happen. You do just as it says, and tear off the first copy to use as a work sheet. You put the worksheet in your typewriter—and then you realize that the instructions are on the back of the worksheet.

It would have been just as easy to put them on the back of copy three—then you could have worked on the worksheet, and read your instructions as you worked. But heck, the only people inconvenienced are several hundred thousand Reserve officers and there are too many of them

**COMBAT FORCES JOURNAL**

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COLONEL LEGREE

#### Decorations

To the Editors:

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy reading the COMBAT FORCES JOURNAL each month. Its arrival in Korea is quite irregular, but it is always appreciated regardless how old the dateline. Here in our exec tent it is read from cover to cover by all of us—officers and enlisted men.

Have you ever had any word about your campaign to have winners of the Combat Infantryman Badge in the annual *Official Army Register*? I remember

several editorials where you advocated placing "CIB" in the *Register* along with an officer's other decorations.

The decoration system stinks to high heaven here in Korea. As a result, the CIB is the only award you can't earn on the high level staffs—the Silver Star you can!

I admit the proud ownership of a CIB plus the Purple Heart, so I am not without a personal interest.

Maybe I can add a few to your already bulging files of sad stories. After five and a half months of continuous combat, this medium artillery battalion has been given three decorations: the Silver Star to the lieutenant colonel in command (deserved); two awards of the Bronze Star (to a cook and to the operations sergeant). These were fine, but we have submitted over fifty recommendations, yet every day people in Corps Artillery and Corps headquarters get new medals.

LIEUTENANT

Korea

#### Mules

To the Editors:

In commenting on the possible formation of a light division the JOURNAL suggested that the standard infantry division could do the job if its heavier elements were shucked off.

Not so. When you shuck off certain elements you must find a rough-terrain substitute for them. Get rid of your trucks and you must use mules.

That's the rub. The Army seems to have neglected its animal transport training. Only one Field Artillery Battalion (Pack) and one Quartermaster Pack Company are in existence. For an army that's supposed to reach a strength of more than a million this seems hardly proportionate. In Italy the Fifth Army had fifteen or more mule pack companies. The Seventh Army used mules in Southern France and, of course, the operations in Burma would not have been possible without them.

As the Army discovered in World War II, truck drivers cannot become efficient mule skinnners overnight. The care and handling of pack animals is a highly

specialized technique and requires considerable training.

CAPT. EDWARD L. BIMBERG

333 West 57th St.  
New York 19, N. Y.

#### Jump Pay

To the Editors:

I would like to think that Major Flanagan was either being facetious or hoping for a reaction to his letter in the April issue where he wrote "... there's nothing to jumping and we should be paying the government money to let us jump instead of collecting from it for the privilege."

If the Major was hoping for a reaction he got one—from me at least.

Presumably the Major's remark was based on personal experience; I wonder if he has ever made a combat jump during the hours of darkness, sweating out flak and small-arms fire of assorted sizes, unable to see the ground until it or a tree or rock comes up and hits him? I wonder if he has ever landed at night in enemy territory six or eight hours before the ground forces hit the beach, in rock-strewn semi-mountainous country some twenty-odd miles from the scheduled drop zone? I wonder if he has ever lain on the ground after a night-drop with a dislocated or broken arm or leg and wondered where the hell the rest of his platoon was and what he would do next?

The statistics on jump injuries are being constantly lowered. However, it is one thing to jump on a soft plowed DZ a mile square and quite another to make a combat jump on rough terrain—especially at night.

As a qualified parachutist since August 1942 with approximately fifty jumps: four in combat in Sicily, Italy, Normandy and Holland, I cannot agree with Major Flanagan. Nor do I believe that any veteran of a combat parachute jump will agree that the government should be paid for the privilege.

A parachutist is not a superman and jumping is very seldom fatal, but it does involve hazards not found in jumping from the tailgate of a truck.

Sgt. DIOGENES



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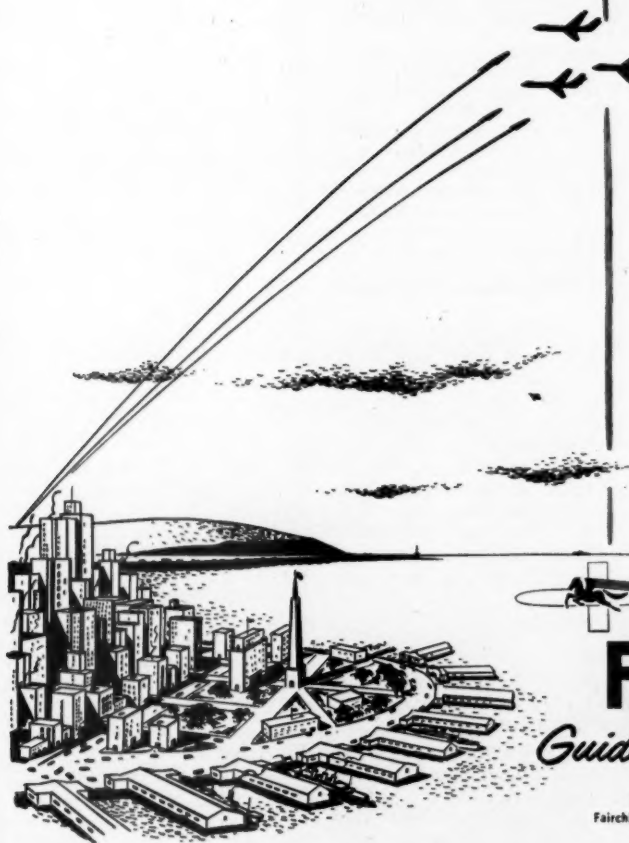
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COMBAT FORCES JOURNAL

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# YOU AND YOUR ARMY

## Constitution

**P**OLITICAL events some weeks ago led us to read the Constitution for the first time in many years. It is, we rediscovered, a somewhat prosaic document, as technical as a field manual and in places hardly as explicit. On this reading we found that the most rewarding way to read it is to save the Preamble for the end. After wading through the technicalities, the purpose of it all comes clear in the fifty-two words of the Preamble:

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Lawyers have hassled over the meaning of its phrases, philosophers and historians have written learned books on it, and august judges have reversed their predecessors and themselves. Men of diverse faiths, creeds and political opinions have fought, bled and died that the hopes and aspirations voiced in it might be advanced a little. And so the Constitution lives—precisely because men who differ will fight to sustain it and men who interpret it find that its meaning is debatable. It is a document that fits our disorderly, illogical vigor. And we have built a great Nation because we have fastened our loyalties to a code that is not fixed and immutable.

For the soldier, we know of no better creed than that of William Tecumseh Sherman's:

"It is enough for the world to know that I am a soldier bound to obey the orders of my superiors, the laws of my

## Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Association of the United States Army will be at 1600 hours, Monday, 18 June, in Room 3E869, of the Pentagon Building.

Our President, General Haislip, urges all members who can to attend the meeting—the first general membership meeting of the Association.

General Haislip will make a brief statement and the Secretary-Editor will make a general report on the activities of the Association.

This will be followed by an open forum in which all members are urged to participate.

Following the membership meeting the Executive Council will conduct its regular quarterly meeting at the offices of the Association.

country, and to venerate its Constitution," he wrote in 1862.

In living up to that code, Sherman, who had small use for Lincoln the politician, who despised abolitionists, who thought that slavery was not an unmixt evil and who admired the pre-bellum South, had his name live in ignominy in the South longer than that of the most rabid abolitionist. But when his hard soldier's duty was done he could know that the Union was more perfect, the Constitution more firmly established.

## SLAM

**T**HE initials of Colonel Samuel Lyman Atwood Marshall's name add up to the word SLAM, which is a misnomer, for despite the vigor with which he expresses his strong opinions on our Army, he is never roughly

critical, personally abusive, or sensational. His fairness and objectivity, coupled with a tenacity at dredging up the essential facts of combat from the mud of the battlefield, make him a soldier's critic, known best to civilians in the territory covered by *The Detroit News*, by which he has been employed since 1927 as a columnist, editorial writer, war correspondent, and radio commentator. His long concentration on the basic facts of combat has, by today, made him the nation's most influential military critic, an eminence unattained by those who practice lofty cerebration on strategy and the art of war as contained in eight, nine or ten principles.

An example of how he works is shown clearly in his examination of the effects of fear and fatigue on soldiers. From his questioning of soldiers who made the assault on Normandy on 6 June 1944, Colonel Marshall produced the theory that the effect of fear on men is the same as fatigue. It exhausts and weakens them, making it impossible for them to proceed with full effectiveness. That was an exceedingly important fact—if true. It meant for one thing that when we overload our soldiers we are cutting into the reserves of physical stamina they need to survive the fear and anxiety that come when bullets whine and artillery screams. But the finding was still a theory, documented in blood to be sure, but not scientifically proven. So after the war, and back in Detroit writing *Men Against Fire* and his articles on mobility, he began to question doctors and psychologists. His delight when the psychologists assured him that there was competent scientific evidence to substantiate the theory that the effect of fear and fatigue on the human body and mind was indeed, the same, was expressed in a letter he wrote to the editor of this

magazine announcing the discovery. The fact attracted the attention of the service schools and its impact on the Army could be discerned today in Korea, by an observer as acute and as hard-working as Colonel Marshall himself.

The surprising part of all this is that Colonel Marshall is by vocation a newspaper editorial writer, a calling whose practitioners usually are content to base their judgments on the leg work of lesser reporters and on an extensive reading of official documents and books written by college professors and other delvers for knowledge. For an editorial writer to turn out to be the sharpest and most-thorough searcher for combat truths America has yet produced is an astonishing thing. Apparently it even astonishes Colonel Marshall himself. When he recently sent a friend a copy of some articles on Korea he had written for his newspaper he thought it necessary to write "I won't say whether it's good or bad because I get away from straight reporting for long periods and can't be sure I've still got my touch." You can judge for yourself by reading the articles in this issue and comparing them to what you normally find in the newspapers.

Somewhere in this issue he writes that the Eighth Army is the finest army he has seen in thirty-four years of experience. That would be 1917 when he enlisted in the Engineers and was trained as a grenadier. After participating in the campaigns of Soissons, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Ypres-Lys, he continued in the Army and was commissioned in 1919, our youngest World War I officer. He left the Army soon after that and in 1920-22 attended the Texas College of Mines and worked as a mine surveyor. In 1923 he entered newspaper work as a sports editor in El Paso, Texas. In 1927 he moved on to Detroit as a special writer. In 1936-37 he went to Spain to see the beginning of World War II. In 1940 he published *Blitzkrieg*, and was hailed by the *Infantry Journal* as a "military expert of the first class" who had written a "military book from its first page to its last," a considerable achievement in those days when social significance was the popular catch phrase. In 1941 *Armies on Wheels* was published, and this too the *Infantry Journal* hailed. Oddly both books may have suffered from their titles. The significance of the German Blitzkrieg of Poland and



### Order of the Day

**D**URING my first ten days as your new commander, by personal contact with you at the front, I have learned of your peerless qualities, of your professional skill, determination unto weariness, high courage, intelligent leadership, found only in an enlightened army of freedom loving nations.

In addition, Eighth Army presently enjoys advantages of uncontested friendly naval and air superiority, of enormous superiority in firepower and all types of weapons, in fact a tremendous superiority in everything except numbers.

You are fighting to stop armed aggression, and to maintain peace not only in Korea but in your respective homelands.

This renewed battle is for the preservation of life, liberty and the right to pursuit of happiness of all free men. These are fundamental in the life of man—the rock upon which our civilization is founded—and they are the first rights which Communism denies its own people.

The time has come when all men of the free and decent world must steel their souls to face the desperate, bitter and uncompromising battle with armed Communist aggression. Our strength rests on the solid foundation of belief in God and the rights of man rather than on the will of dictators imposed through cruelty and the complete disregard of human life.

LT. GEN. JAMES A. VAN FLEET



France was popularly misinterpreted as heralding the decline of mass armies and the advent of mechanized war. It was easy to conclude from the titles of the two Marshall books that this new and unknown military writer thought the same thing. Nothing could have been so wrong.

It was the thesis of *Armies on Wheels* that the evolution of the machine and modern highways had smoothed the "march of military power." And since a small army of machines and their crews could never defeat or defend against a great army with machines and millions of trained soldiers, infantry was not obsolete. Marshall described the many weapons available to the modern infantryman and concluded that the trend was towards the merging of the several ground combat arms into a single organization. It may be that the trend has not been as pronounced as he anticipated in 1940, but that there was and is such a trend is undeniable. The cannon company of the World War II infantry regiment; the organic tank units of the present-day regiment—all testify to this.

In June 1942 Marshall (he then held no military commission of any kind) was called to Washington to serve the Secretary of War as a civilian consultant. In September he was commissioned an AUS major and became Chief of Orientation of Special

Services. He helped establish the Army News Service and wrote an official handbook for the service press and public relations officers called *Guide to the Use of Informational Materials*. In April 1943 he joined the historical section of the War Department General Staff and went to the Pacific where he served as a historian in the invasions of Makin and the Marshall Islands. It was here that he first developed the critique-after-combat device that enabled him to obtain an accurate and full picture of what really happens on the battlefield. It was a revolution in military fact-finding and analysis.

The significance of that revolution is apparent in such books as *Island Victory* and *Bastogne*, and in the sheer bulk of his material that affects and will affect every volume of the Official History of the U. S. Army in World War II. In 1944 Colonel Marshall went to England and served through the rest of the war in France as Chief Historian, European Theater of Operations. During the war he spent some hours in battle with more than 500 different companies, by the time the war ended. We have not asked him for his new total since he got back from Korea.

After the war he went back to Detroit where he wrote *Men Against Fire* and *The Soldier's Load* and the



*Mobility of a Nation.* In these books he was able to refine and sort out the significant truths of battle obtained through the after-action critiques. Through these books and articles in the *Infantry Journal* he became a sought-after consultant and lecturer at the service schools, where his thoughts and his facts had a tremendous influence. Had he been a different kind of man and been working in other than a military field, he might have become a vogue and a "Marshall Cult" might have appeared. That such a phenomenon wasn't even possible is a credit to his own serious honesty of purpose and to the hard-headed show-me attitude of the Army.

Eighteen months ago he took on the job of writing a book of leadership for all of the services—one of Mr. Forrestal's "unified" projects. The book, typical of such official jobs, ran the inevitable hazards of concurrences and approvals, but got full indorsement from all services and has just been published.

Soon after the Korean conflict began Colonel Marshall joined The Johns Hopkins University Operations Research project and went to Korea to work with the teams it had there. Much of his actual work in Korea is necessarily classified. But studies similar to the "Bayonet Attack" article in this issue can be released and will appear in this magazine as often as the editors can pry one out of a very busy man. That they are in demand can be testified by the editors. Reader after reader has asked "When are you going to get something on Korea by S. L. A. Marshall?" A Marine, talking to one of the editors, asked the same question, and added, "We Marines didn't like what you said about us in the old *Infantry Journal* a few years ago, but most of us are Marshall fans; so if you'll get him back we'll forgive you everything."

### General Omar's Book

**G**ENERAL Omar Bradley's book, *A Soldier's Story*, is bound to be compared to other books by other soldiers. We've already had some good commanders' books out of World War II, but the Bradley book is by far the best. You have to go back much farther in the history of war to give it a fair comparison. For forthright detail and readability, we would put it alongside Caesar's *Campaigns* and Grant's *Memoirs*.



COLONEL S. L. A. MARSHALL

Well over half a million people thought highly enough of Grant's book (it came out in two big volumes) to acquire a set. And in recent years it has been hailed as one of the greatest American books by a man with no pretensions to literary fame. Certainly it tops all other previous books by American field commanders, and certainly *A Soldier's Story* equals Grant's story in every respect. Both books show the same lucid directness. Both show the same intentness upon the daily life-or-death problems and pressures of campaign. And both show, above all else, the traditional integrity of our greatest soldiers—which includes not only a scrupulous fairness and unhesitating firmness in reaching command decisions, but the further professional honesty of estimating and weighing every hard fact of every military situation, and discounting every tendency of staff and self toward wishful thinking.

The approximate date of appearance of *A Soldier's Story* was undoubtedly settled long ago, a year or two. But the recent emphasis upon high military decision, and the place of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in such decision, makes it particularly fortunate that its Chairman's war story can appear at the present time. The book may well be the strongest of all proofs to the public that the decisions of the Joint Chiefs are guided by a man whose whole career is testimony of his ability and desire to miss no available facts and give full attention to them all—the human facts, and the

hardware facts of weapons, machines and equipment.

This is the immediate lesson about the man to be found in *A Soldier's Story*. And it is extremely pertinent at this stage. But there are other able leaders in our forces, as General Bradley would be among the first to say—does, in fact, repeatedly indicate in his book. And some of these will eventually succeed him in his present place, and younger men will follow them. And for every potential Chief of Staff and Joint Chiefs' Chairman, *A Soldier's Story* is full of lessons clearly and simply put—lessons, first, of leadership, then of the practical daily problems of war as a field commander meets them.

Some critics will comment first on Omar Bradley's many references to the British forces, especially those in which he recounts his strong resistance to command of American armies by Field Marshal Montgomery. There is actually much good temper and little asperity in these references. But General Bradley makes it plain indeed that most of our own commanders had little faith in Monty; that turning First Army over to him in the Bulge battle was quite unnecessary and brought only a slow up on the north flank; and that the later idea of putting Monty in charge of all ground forces would have had an extreme effect upon American morale.

Others may emphasize General Bradley's great frankness in discussing General Patton and others among his subordinate commanders. But we would say that this frankness (and here there is no sign of asperity whatever—only of impatience at times long-suppressed)—such frankness, we would say, is the mark of a great commander who thinks his country deserves to know his reasons for strict action.

Actually, Omar Bradley's dealings with his army, corps, and other commanders and their staffs comprise the most deeply interesting side of his story. He knew most of them intimately particularly from close associations at Benning, Leavenworth, and the War College. He knew them by their first names, and many as old neighbors and friends. They were all within a very few years of the same age and length of experience. Hodges, Patton and Simpson were a little older and senior in service. Every leader in every armed service today can benefit from studying *A Soldier's*



Story to see how General Bradley commanded such men, held their loyalty, and solved their conflicts.

Part of his success lay in his complete informality. Much of it in his fairness when he had to be firm. Much of it, too, lay in his high loyalty to them—his willingness to fight hard for them, which often he deemed to be necessary.

An equally vital and human element in *A Soldier's Story* is its logistical aspect. Few high commanders have written as clearly about this side of things. The book is a most penetrating study of supply and the utter reliance of large forces upon it, and the daily care a commander must give to logistical matters.

And out of this point comes a further thought on General Bradley, which we have not heard expressed elsewhere. He combined in one person the qualities of a first-rate staff officer as well as those of a first-rate commander. Or better yet, he was a truly top-notch commander because his equipment included such marked staff abilities. He is a superb example of the fact that there can be no such thing today as a great leader of armies who is not also an accomplished super-chief of his own staff. There may be such a thing as an able staff officer who has few of the requisites of command, though we doubt it very much. But the opposite is an impossibility.

*A Soldier's Story* is lacking in only one respect. General Bradley is a reflective man, when he has time to be. His book contains few passages of general comment on war and its problems, or on leadership or other vital but general topics. We realize that his book could only be of certain length, and know how much difficult work went into its eventual compression to its present size, but we still regret that there is not more talk in it of the author's own ideas of war and peace. We only hope that later on, in another book, we can have Omar Bradley's American soldier opinions on such broader matters.

*A Soldier's Story* is reaching millions of readers. We hope some large part gain from it a better realization of what their Army is and the kind of leader it produces. We hope they stop to think what sincere and selfless servants of the nation the U. S. Army found within its peacetime ranks as World War II arose. We hope above all that *A Soldier's Story* will cause its readers to set aside all doubts

whatever as to the present leadership of its author as the top military figure of the nation.

### Colonel Perry W. Brown

MRS. William H. Brown, the mother of the late Colonel Perry W. Brown, is searching for information that may help her locate the personal effects of Colonel Brown who was killed in an air crash in India on 17 July 1950. Colonel Brown's last station before flying to India for a temporary United Nations detail was with the 2nd Armored Division at Fort Hood, Texas. Thus far it has been impossible to find his personal papers and other effects. Anyone possessing any information would be aiding and comforting an eighty-five year-old mother by writing Mrs. William H. Brown, 194 Euston Road, Garden City, New York.

### The Harder Conflict

IT IS reported that soldiers of Eighth Army refer to themselves as United Nations policemen only when they are being wryly ironic. That's understandable. And here at home anyone who refers to that bloody conflict as a "police action" can expect the boos of soldiers and civilians alike. But when the history of these tortured times is written, it may be that the phrase will be an honored one, reflecting glory on the men who fought under it, even though they give short shrift now to its meaning.

Yet there have been meaner slogans. It is a nobler phrase than "too proud to fight"—almost a term of appeasement—and a more hopeful phrase than "unconditional surrender"—a finality of utter destruction and no quarter.

The difficulty with the phrase is that the policeman's work is rarely honored and a policeman's lot is not a happy one. In his endeavors to keep the peace he is handicapped by certain restrictions. He cannot make arrests in anticipation that a crime may be committed. He cannot invade

the homes and hangouts of actual or potential lawbreakers and cart them off to the poky, unless he has a warrant that charges a specific violation. How much simpler his job would be if he could round up and jail or kill every known or potential lawbreaker! And what more dangerous practice could imperil our liberties?

"The advantages of successful war are doubtful. The disadvantages of unsuccessful war are certain. Real security lies in the prevention of war—and today that hope can come only through adequate preparedness," said General Bradley in his Armed Forces Day message. How true! In Korea, soldiers of many nations are fighting a police action, quelling a disturbance by an aggressor. In training camps here and in the countries of those who stand with us, more men are learning to be soldiers, sailors and airmen in order that other potential aggressors may be dissuaded from violating the peace, or to put down the uprising if the aggressor is not dissuaded.

Perhaps you, as a soldier, say that it is all very well but you don't think the conflict in Korea can be contained, that world war is inevitable. When you say the United Nations is a weak reed and that the Korean situation is hopeless as it stands, we can only say, stand fast and do your duty as a soldier. The Continental Congress was a weak reed for Washington and many times during the years of the Revolution he and his soldiers often despaired of a successful outcome. But he and his faithful few stood fast and did their duty as soldiers. And to the amazement of all the world a new nation, dedicated to ideals then considered visionary, was created.

But the soldier is right if he says that it is not enough that he alone stands firm. The demands upon the peoples of all the free nations are great. There are and will be times of great stress when emotions will be high and nerves taut. At such times the urge to have done with it—to declare all-out war and let the devil take it—will be almost overpowering. Only steady nerves, clear heads and a sense of high purpose can see a police action through to its end. It cannot succeed with summer soldiers and sunshine patriots. But, to continue with the words of Tom Paine, "He that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that



the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

The soldiers who saw the ruined cities of Europe or Japan after the war and who remembered the dead and maimed they had left behind during the years of conflict, all felt, if they did not ask, "Was it worth it?" So that there shall never be another such time there is a police action in Korea. If it fails it may be forgotten in the larger holocaust that will follow, but it should not be. For Korea and the men who are standing it there today are a symbol of free men's effort to contain, if not eradicate, war. In a world of atomic bombs that is high purpose and noble endeavor.

### What Makes a Jumper?

**W**HY do soldiers volunteer to perform the dangerous act of parachuting? Major Spurgeon H. Neel, Jr., surgeon of the 82d Airborne Division, wrote revealingly on the subject in a recent issue of *The Military Surgeon*.

The man who wants to perform the "dangerous act" of parachuting creates "a vital and continuous conflict within the mind," Major Neel wrote. "The volition of the final physical act [of jumping] is but the resultant of these multiple instinctive and conscious desires. The parachutist is usually unaware of these subconscious conflicts. . . ." Major Neel believes that the "abnormal reaction" of jumping from an aircraft is possible "only when the individual is confident that the end merits the means. . . ." The jumper must be convinced that his act is for the "good of the community." The "community" is, of course, the airborne outfit of which the man is a member.

"Individual morale and unit *esprit de corps* must be maintained at a high level. Otherwise, the men required will not volunteer for airborne units, and once qualified, their ardor for airborne duty will quickly cool," Major Neel wrote.

That is the reason the airborne has such fierce pride in its uniforms, identifying tabs and shiny jump boots. Take them away, and the high spirit that marks an airborne outfit would soon vanish and the purposeful double-time that is his normal gait on duty would slow to a death march.

What to do when a qualified jumper refuses to jump "is one of the most important medico-legal questions fac-

ing airborne commanders today," Major Neel writes. He is convinced from his study of paratroopers and injury and death statistics that fear of death is not a major cause of jump refusal. "It seems," he writes, "to be a fear of falling freely in space. . . . The peak of the anxiety is while standing in the door immediately before making the decision to jump. The parachutist is in no danger at this time, but is seeing familiar objects at an unfamiliar range, and at the same time contemplating leaving the relative security of the aircraft. Immediately following the opening shock of the developing parachute, a tremendous wave of relief sweeps over the jumper, although he knows *consciously* that the most dangerous part of his descent, the landing, is yet to come. . . ."

The rate of jump refusal is much lower on night jumps and many paratroopers prefer to jump at night, although the chance of injury is greater. Major Neel believes this is because "at the moment of decision, the trooper is spared the additional discomfort of including distant objects on the ground in his visual sphere of reference." He isn't afraid of what he can't see.

The student jumper makes five jumps to earn his wings. But he may refuse to jump at a later time. Indeed, most jump refusals come when new troopers make their first jump after qualification, Major Neel has found. Often this jump is delayed two or three months and without the school-inspired confidence and the absence of "group pressure," the new trooper may find that he cannot overcome his instinctive fears. New family responsibilities, increasing age and recent injury are given by Major Neel as reasons for jump refusal by old-timers. The solution is the age-old so-

lution to most military morale problems: Commanders must take an interest in every man as an individual, make him feel that he is wanted, that his contributions to the unit are valued. The word for it is leadership.

All officers who have commanded airborne units have spoken of the experience in glowing terms. One general officer who commanded an airborne division for a relatively short time told an acquaintance that it was a "rare privilege." And a ten-year veteran of paratrooping has spoken of jumping as "an act of faith." "No matter what else a man is as long as he will jump, he's one of us," he said.

That men do jump because of their close feeling of kinship for their fellows is apparent from Major Neel's observations.

Considering all these facts the non-jumper may conclude that a great contribution of airborne outfits to the Army is that it has confirmed the knowledge that soldierly skill and high spirits are attainable only if the soldier is convinced that his outfit is superior and is so recognized, and that his contributions to the outfit help make it so. Non-airborne outfits cannot perform the "dangerous act" of jumping but there are other devices. An overnight hike is an excellent catharsis for the ills that sometime affect a rifle company in training, and the mere act of sharpening bayonets has sparked an aggressive vigor in men who still thought of themselves as civilians. The possibilities are endless.

### Correction

**W**E MADE two errors in last month's article on Operations Research. At one place we said that supervisory responsibility for technical operation resided in the Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff, G-3, for Research and Development. The reference should have been to G-4, and we are sure most of our readers so understood it.

We also said that Dr. Ellis A. Johnson, the Director of ORO, organized the first Operations Research group in this country for the Air Force. It was for the Army and not the Air Force.

We apologize to our readers and to the authors—Colonel Edward M. Parker and Lieutenant Colonel David B. Parker—for these errors. We have had many compliments on their excellent and needed article.





*There is a bleak, unadulterated misery about the Korean land and its people that wears at one's fiber and chills the bloodstream.*

# This is the War in Korea

**Colonel S. L. A. Marshall**

***"... the men of the Eighth Army are the hardest-hitting, most workmanlike soldiers I have yet seen in our uniform in three wars"***

*These impressions of the Korean war originally appeared as a series of daily articles in The Detroit News.*

ON leaving the Far East Command today, the visitor about to board a plane must first sign a paper pledging that he will not "communicate or transmit to any persons, orally, in writing or otherwise" any information, data or rumor relating to "military operations, units, matériel, logistics, allies, civilian components and reports."

Although that seems to proscribe any mention of the universe itself except in vague terms, perhaps there are still some things that might be said candidly about Korea and the war there without pulling down the pillars of the temple or drawing a year in the guardhouse.

Not that I have any quarrel with the censorship. During the greater part of the police action in Korea some correspondents have reported the war with such gross carelessness that they have jeopardized — and quite unnecessarily — the lives of fighting men. When that happens, the curb of censorship must be applied. Something is lost by it, but things even more vital will gain increased protection.

There remain as topics for fruitful discussion the new-found character in our own fighting forces, the nature of our enemies, the day-by-day problems of men in battle and the land and people of Korea, and what may ultimately come of all this.

Fundamentally these are the important things. It is true tactics and strategy have been my personal headache for years, but so far as the strategy of Korea is concerned, I'm afraid it

would be impossible to discuss it without committing blasphemy of a sort.

I went to Korea in November and returned in March. The initial task was to measure Chinese tactics and fire power, and then suggest methods and techniques whereby our battle line could develop greater strength against their areas of weakness. My first findings, published to the Eighth Army in December, were made public in January. So there is no longer any secret about the mission.

My work took me down to our infantry line regiments and their supporting artillery battalions, both in the Marines and the Army. In what I did, I was given once again the unserved backing of the staff and command. It has never been my privilege to work among a finer, more open-minded group of men than you will find in the operating sections of

the force now commanded by Lieutenant General James A. Van Fleet.

They were that way even in the dark hours of December when it seemed that the skies were about to fall. Their warmth compensated for certain lacks in the Korean weather.

As for the country itself, I saw some of it afoot, more of it from jeep-back and the greater part of it from the air. Now that it is half the globe away, I can say honestly that if I had seen none of it, that would have been enough.

That is the great hardship of this small war. There is a bleak, unadulterated misery about the land and its people that wears at one's fiber and chills the bloodstream. The soldier bears that added cross in this war, and it is a source of much painful brooding. Combat isn't too bad when some measure of relief, some touch of sweetness and light, is to be found in between the spells of battle.

In Korea there is no relief—save comradeship and mail from home. Troops rotated out of line for a few days simply trade one form of environmental wretchedness for another.

The weather can be endured. The cold is little worse than a Michigan winter, and there is less snowfall.

In the fighting, the prospect of meeting sudden death is no greater, and calculably less, than in wars past when our enemies had a competent artillery and air power.

## UPHILL FIGHT

**N**EITHER photography, word description nor any map can ever convey an adequate sense of the Korean countryside and of the extraordinary rigor it imposes on combat forces. It is not just one more mountain country, like Spain, like Switzerland or the state of Montana.

All other places have one thing in common. Their mountain barriers provide contrast to some more hospitable terrain—a broad and fertile valley, the sweep of great plains, a plateau, a forest.

But not Korea. Beyond the next mountain there is only another mountain. Off the flank on the next ridge-line there is only another ridge.

From the Strait of Tsushima to the Yalu River, this is the way of it—an endless monotony of something to be climbed and cursed. The map is peculiarly deceptive in this respect. The valleys are narrower than shown on it; small hills hem the river trenches, turning every passageway into a defile. There are fairly straight and level roads paralleling the Han River as it flows toward Kimpo and Inchon. Otherwise the great basin around Seoul which looks on the map like a flat meadowland, is also a place of ups and down.

*This is the way of it—an endless monotony of something to be climbed and cursed. God got tired when He was making the world; hence Korea, say the GIs.*





Nor is there any other hill country quite like this. Along the east country and in the far north between Wonsan and the Yalu, the mountains are a true massif, with peaks towering into thin air, rivers flowing through deep gorges and one-way roads carved into the mountainside. But the greater part of Korea is upended in a complex of ridges, hogbacks, sugarloaf peaks and barren domes too low to be called mountains and too formidable to be classed as hills. It is a land half-made, neither fish nor fowl. The GIs say: "God got tired when He was making the world; hence Korea."

Of tree cover along the Korean heights, there is some scrub growth, occasional small pines and a few thickets. But the slopes are barren for the most part, and the ridgelines usually rise to a thin edge of sheer rock, leaving nothing for a hand-hold. It is along these precipitous heights that the battle surges to and fro, as our men advance single file to blast the Chinese out of an eyrie where they have sought cover against our heavier weapons.

That is the way they have pitched the contest. Eighty per cent of the heavy fighting is done uphill. It has to be done that way for the enemy use the high ground to interdict with their automatic fire our advance along the low ground. And they are deadly proficient in its delivery.

Such flats as exist are covered by paddies or houses, and the terraced paddies even run right up into the draws and saddles of the lower ridges. In winter, the paddies freeze and the guns can be set up on the ice. In summer, they are as forbidding to guns as a swamp, and the artillery must roam along the roads, looking for a wide intersection, a bean patch or cornfield. They are hard to come by.

And as usual, the worst part of the burden falls on infantry. Mountain climbing is strenuous exercise. When it is done for sport, it is considered a sufficient achievement after reaching top, for the climber to descend without breaking his neck.

In Korea, however, the average infantry company climbs upward all day to reach the top and fight all night. And if that ridge falls, there is always the next one, with another enemy band dug in along its crest.

But they have gotten used to it. They are legged-up, canny about the use of shrub and rock cover. They know the enemy's trick of concealing



*It is not unusual to see steaks, roast turkey, chicken or a good side of fresh beef when troops are in support. But to get hot chow those last few thousand yards to the firing line is tough.*

his best positions in the ridge saddles. And they are capable of organizing together to best advantage the high ground when they win it.

But Nature never permits a turning back of the clock, and what you missed in youth you cannot regain in maturity. Middle-aged Koreans who hardened themselves to their hills in childhood can walk twice as far into them as an American soldier, and carry double the load.

Such is the harshness of these grades that our men can move upward only 2,000 to 3,000 yards in a day. Then they must stand and fight or be done in. They are not weaklings. But you would have to see the hills to know why these things are so.

## RATIONS OK

**T**HE food situation in Korea is not like life on the farm, but our own troops have never had it any better during war in a distant theater.

That doesn't apply full length to companies moving forward in the attack and in contact with the enemy.

Supply is abundant right up to the forward zone, but getting it forward over that additional 1,200 to 3,500 yards from the assembly area in the low ground to the line where fire is striking along the hill crest, remains a besetting problem.

Lacking animal transport and not yet having systematized a native car-

rier system, and with all of our frontal forces stretched extremely thin, we still can't insure that the men who fight will also be fed regularly.

But far from a cause of persistent griping among the troops, they take it with a grin. And sometimes they boast about how long they have gone without food, with no marked shrinking of the waistline. It is not unusual for a company during engagement to go twenty-four hours without food.

In a three- or four-day fight, the men of a battalion may average one meal per day—most likely part of a cold C ration. This is so despite the fact that everyone is well aware that an army marches on its stomach.

To a large extent, it's a matter of personal choice. Faced with the hard option of going forward with enough weapons and other killing materials to be sure of holding ground, or reducing the munitions load to make room for a ration at the possible risk of not remaining alive to eat it, the typical American infantry company in Korea goes forward on a fresh-air diet.

They have come that far along the road of war that they know which way is up even if they don't care which side their bread is buttered on.

The same rule applies to every other item of comfort and the good life. I have seen companies in the attack fifteen degrees above zero. Night was coming and it would find them on a mountain peak battling the Chinese. As a calculated risk, they left their



overcoats and sleeping bags behind, knowing that they would lose a certain number of men from frostbite, but agreeing that this was better than to cut down the fire load and take the risk that the whole company might be overrun.

They have become wise far beyond their years and they have a toughened outlook toward the job beyond anything dreamed of in recent years.

But within less than artillery range of the front lines, the basic and personal supply situation straightens itself out. The A ration—which includes perishable meats, vegetables, dairy products, and fresh fruits—gets farther forward than ever before. It is not unusual to see steaks, roast turkey, chicken or a good side of fresh beef served at infantry messes when troops are in the support position. I had never expected to shake hands with a filet mignon, while listening to a mortar barrage, but war is a succession of surprises.

These Waldorf dinners are not the regular fare. They come just often

enough between servings of corned beef, tinned vegetables and jam to whet the taste buds.

The ration is larger and on the whole more varied than I have ever seen it in war, but a small package of bittersweet chocolate, hard biscuit or some such thing which a soldier can carry in his pocket would be a boon to operations.

Candy, chewing gum, razor blades, toothpaste, and such are in good supply among the front-line formations. But the greatly publicized beer ration rarely gets up to the front-line fighter. This pleases no one except the WCTU.

The Eighth Army fairly wallows in fresh clothing. The front-line fighter may have to go three or four weeks without a bath when the pressure is on. But he is never far away from a complete change in dress, if he needs it. In fact, the supply is so good that wastage is excessive.

Special Services also gets movies as far forward as the support positions, where they are usually shown in a small tent with the GI audience

stacked three-deep. Invariably, they are old movies. Thus in March the newsreels running up front portrayed the "final smashing victory of UN forces in Korea"—the false-alarm campaign of last October.

This bit of bombast brought more whoops and cheers from the troops than if they had been listening to Bob Hope.

## LESS REST—LESS COMBAT

**P**OSSIBLY in their search for dramatic values, our newsmen in Korea have slighted the simpler things in the routine of the combat soldier's life.

The uninitiated are likely to think of the war as an unceasing trial by fire for those engaged in fighting it. But, of course, it isn't like that in Korea any more than other wars in our past have been. However, in Korea there is less rest in a rest period than ever before. But there is also less active fighting per unit per day than in past operations. That is the nature of the struggle, made so by the irregular character of the warfare.

There have been great battles such as that of the 2d Infantry Division along the Chongchon or the 1st Marine Division around the Chosin Reservoir—when practically every man from the commanding general down found himself a rifleman. But these are climactic events, rather than examples of the day-to-day contest. The enemy builds up around a few strong points; none can be approached on a very broad front.

When a battalion is committed to the attack, it is usually the case that one company, or perhaps two, will be under heavy pressure, and then for only a day or so until a respite comes. The typical infantry company probably does not average more than one day out of five or six in firing and being fired upon at close quarters.

That is bad enough. It would wear down inferior men even to spend some part of every week in a shooting gallery. But some of the hard rock of the Korean country seems to have melted into the heart and spirit of the Americans who are fighting there.

And the Eighth isn't a wearing-down army. There is little malingering in it. Now and then when the fire flares, a man "bugs out" from the fight and looks for cooler ground. But there are no gangs of runaways in the rear area. There have never been any.

*I have heard them singing as they moved along in single file on either side of the road and I have watched them give the boo to some rival regiment as they passed.*



"Combat fatigue" has become almost a forgotten term among our troops, though they do have hours when they are so fatigued from combat that they would drop if they didn't keep marching.

It is amazing to watch them slog along the rutted roads of that bruising countryside. Every second or third man will move with a limp—souvenir of the preceding day's climb and of the shoe-pac, which is an insult to any fighter's feet.

But I have heard them singing as they moved along in single file on either side of the road, carrying their fighting baggage and sometimes their barracks bags—for lack of any other transport.

And I have watched them pass the bird, the boo and the studied affront to some rival regiment as they passed.

"Send up a battalion, bums, and we'll let it relieve one of our platoons."

Shades of the past! Who ever expected that this could happen to the American Army again! It sounds like 1918. And I think somebody ought to make the rounds and tell all troops here training in the interior about it so that they will know they have something to model themselves upon.

Maybe that isn't the way it has always been reported here. For instance, a few weeks ago I read some columns about wholesale flight and disgraceful panic within the Eighth Army during the November battle.

Those who wrote these things lied in their teeth! Nothing of that kind happened, though some units were so terribly broken in the battle that after the first three or four days they no longer had any fighting power.

Good fighting men were cut raw by these slanders. They asked what kind of country it was that would permit such things to be said.

But I started to tell how men live up front. As to shelter, it's pretty much catch-as-catch-can. A battalion commander is given a certain area on the map in which to quarter his troops. He looks the ground over. There may be a few habitable Korean homes—drafty things with walls of rice paper on slat frames, doorways too low for a Singer's midget, punch-eon floors and no heat.

Or by luck, he may draw a school-house, built according to the same architectural principles, but with more air and less dirt. These are all very good places and it is surprising how

inviting they soon become when there is nothing but weather outside.

However, since the war has already shaken down the greater part of what man has built in Korea, the forward parts of the Army are perforce making a gradual return to canvas. For the first time since grandpa went to Cuba, American battle elements can sing "Tenting Tonight" with some truth in it.

## HARDEST HITTING ARMY

**I** WILL say, without a qualifying word, that the men of the Eighth Army are the hardest-hitting, most workmanlike soldiers I have yet seen in our uniform in the course of three wars.

Day by day these formations—Army and Marine—are, as capable of high action as any troops alive.

They take their losses like men. When ordered into the line again, they grouse like men and not like over-age adolescents.

It would be a pleasure to be able to say further that this strong stuff comes of their belief in the United Nations' cause, their faith that the Ship of State is sailing a straight course under steady hands, and their unbounded confidence in leadership all the way from the hilltops back to the Capitol dome.

But it just isn't true!

The horizons of their present faith are mighty short. They don't give a tinker's toot for all of the nice literature—including that published by the Armed Forces Information and Education Division—which tells them of the nobility of their effort and what may come of it. They don't like anything in Washington except the Finance Office. They respect Tokyo—as a leave center. They have simply ceased worrying about any part of this small change.

In the six black weeks of December and early January the Eighth Army scraped bottom, morally. The black-out in our affairs, the utter lack of decision at all of the higher levels, was felt by the man in the most forward foxhole. That was Black Christmas. Spirits sank so low that from then on there was nowhere to go but up. Near the end of a futile search for something solid to hold onto, the men of the Eighth Army at last found one another.

General Matt Ridgway came to the command at just the right time. He

said some very polite words about the United Nations and some very earnest words about why Americans must fight when that's the one way to meet the situation. He added:

"The job is to kill Chinese."

That struck the right note to an Army which was already concluding that survival was the one unbeatable argument.

There had been some sober thinking along these lines in other quarters. The worst thing about any new opponent in war is the air of mystery around him. Until you case him, a pigmy may throw a shadow as long as a giant. So it had been with the Chinese.

They came like wraiths in the night, blowing their bugles, tooting their shepherds' horns and shrilling their bronze whistles from all points of the compass as they closed upon a perimeter. Quite deliberately, they were using noise as a weapon to unstring nerves.

And it worked, but only for so long as it took to determine exactly what they were doing. Rifle companies told me how, when they heard this weird cacophony, their hair stood on end and they were dried of speech. And men swore, "They blew Taps—our own call—after they had beaten us down, and it was scary as hell."

That is how imagination soars in battle. For it was not "Taps" they had heard, but a Chinese reassembly call which ends on the same three mournful notes.

So we hunted hard until we found one bugle, one shepherd's horn and one bronze whistle—taken from the bodies of dead Chinese. A shop was set up to duplicate them. And then they were tooted until the nerves of our men were quite conditioned to the noise. And then they were taken into the line and the Chinese were confused by their own music.

That early fear, as the Chinese attack by night, is gone now.

In the attack, our men scream like Comanches, give forth with Rebel yell and shout much that is unprintable. On defense, it's the same story—grim bedlam and whooping it up for the team.

This is the real thing—the American Army finding its vocal chords again. Perhaps the chaplains don't like all they hear, but they, too, are a lot of extraordinary joes, dividing their time between fishing for souls and going on patrol in enemy country to look for missing men.



*"The job is to kill Chinese," General Ridgway told his men. That struck just the right note to an army which was already concluding that survival was the one unbeatable argument.*

## THE ENEMY

**I**N combat, the Chinese Communist Forces (CCF) are neither crafty nor bold. They succeeded for a time by dint of numbers. But even while it was happening, the success of their mass did not cover up the general lack of fire efficiency and personal resourcefulness in the ranks.

Their battle doctrine is too inflexible to be suited even to the terrain of Korea, which is otherwise favorable to their design. From divisions on down to squads, units committed to battle are given one line on which they must persist—win, lose or draw. So they continue to bloody their heads against impossible situations until they are broken.

They make war as if the judgment or common sense of anyone lower than an army group commander was not to be trusted.

Most of the wild, frenzied charges we read about, in which screaming hordes of Chinese moved like a human tide straight into the face of fire, and up and over the American line, never happened at all.

Like most of the bayonet charges, also feverishly reported, they are figments of the correspondents' imaginations—aided and abetted by the helplessness of the American fighter. He will never let a fellow down for lack of a good story.

There have been some Chinese mass attacks straight into the gun line—one such was pressed against the 23d Infantry Regiment at Chipyong. But that is extraordinary. In the usual scene, the CCF attack comes on rag-

gedly. They are not a well-disciplined soldiery. In the approach, they usually give themselves away by the noise they make—something our own troops have well learned not to do.

When fired upon they hit the dirt, even as you and I. When prodded and kicked forward, they sometimes go, sometimes not. When wounded, they cry for a first-aid man.

The supply system of this horde is about as crude as that of any army since the day of Genghis Khan. It operates without compassion for man or beast. After troops once reach the front, they are lucky if anything at all gets up to them.

When such munitions as they have carried forward are spent, they often face the hard choice of retiring or being shot. They pack along small bags of rice, or beans or maize. After that ration has vanished down their gullets, they are expected to live on the land, where the pickings are slender indeed.

Starvation has taken heavy toll of the CCF in Korea, and more of their strength has been lost to cold and freezing than of ours by at least 20 to 1.

Their tactics are about as elementary as the law of gravity or the movement of sand blown across desert waste. Some experts have been heard proclaiming that the Chinese have taken over the Russian system whole and modified it according to the limits dictated by their arms supply.

That is pure drip!

What they are doing is as Chinese as bird's-nest soup, with a special Japanese sauce added. They did learn a

few clever tricks from the late enemy while serving as his punching bag for ten years.

I doubt that the CCF tactical system would be even partially effective in any terrain other than Korea, and I don't except the Chinese mainland. This is simply to suggest that they have been plotting a Korean intervention for many a day.

Less nimble than the Koreans in scaling the mountain peaks, the Chinese dig in deeper, camouflage better and maneuver around the heights more intelligently once they get there.

But there is no point in going further with this particular comparison. As to whether a North Korean is a poorer fighter than a Chinese Communist, that only depends upon the state of his guts at a given moment. Neither is as consistent and methodical as the Japanese soldier. Both lack quality in small-arms fighting. It is enough to add that both are far more tenacious than we ever expected them to be.

On their side, moral power is very uneven. One day they will put up a poor show—fire wildly and quit good ground with no more than a token resistance. On the next, they fight like Mad Mullahs and insist on dying to the last man. In contrast, the great redeeming quality in the American GI is that he stays pretty much on an even keel, come hell or high water.

Such battle ardor as the average Chinese fighter possesses is not of Communist making. The majority of prisoners talk freely and, for illiterates, with remarkable intelligence. They deny any feeling for commu-



*The Chinese Communists are not a well-disciplined soldiery. One day they will put up a poor show and the next fight like Mad Mullahs. Such battle order as the average soldier possesses is not of Communist making.*

nism; many say they do not know its meaning. They are listless toward their government's reasons for the Korean intervention. For yet other reasons, you get the feeling that possibly many of these men face fire mainly to end an earthly misery beyond enduring.

With few exceptions, their formations were thrown into Korea in the dead of winter, without overcoats, blankets or sleeping bags. As best they could, they preserved themselves with animal heat, by herding tight together in huts and in foxholes, so that one man would draw warmth from another's body. In the midst of battle, with things coming their way, they draw off to loot a camp, such is their shortage of creature comforts. The medical service is so thin that not one-tenth of their needs are met.

Then why haven't more of them surrendered? It is a good question. But getting a local surrender under the irregular conditions of the Korean war is a complex, technical problem. A white flag may be raised; one group wants to quit. But by the time all defensive fires are called off so that they may safely come in, a considerable period has elapsed. Someone has gotten over to the white-flag waver and liquidated his intent.

So the war wears on according to a pattern which initially cost us a bath of blood, but in the latter stages has been the undoing of the pattern-maker.

Yet they were diabolically clever. They knew that with our heavy train we would be compelled to go forward over the main roads, and that with our weak numbers there could be no

systematic watch and mop-up of forces in the rough ground off our flanks.

Main roads, of their nature, hold to the low ground of river valleys. Their columns could move toward ours along these same lines—for a distance—moving only at night to avoid destruction from the air.

But they could never risk head-on engagement, column against column, at right angle to the line on which we were moving forward. That would make things much too simple for our preponderant artillery and armor, and our unopposed air power.

There was an alternative in grand tactics, never heretofore exploited on a full scale, with a whole army conforming to it. By night they brought their divisions forward along the main routes, concealing them carefully by day. They simply vanished. They went off into the feeder valleys flanking the main highways. There they holed-up in the Korean villages, hidden by thatched roofs. Such is their disregard for human comfort that a battalion could be stowed away in twenty huts or so.

Slightly forward of these maneuver groups in the feeder valleys was a defensive screen of Chinese, dug in along the ridgelines athwart the main road. They were a blocking force, prepared to hold their ground to the last man. When they became fully engaged, that would be the hour for the maneuver groups to hit us.

Geography—the elementary fact that the feeder valleys were at an oblique to the central valley—determined that when they did so, they would be on the flanks and moving against the rear of our main forces.

It was a pat scheme and we might have reckoned upon it. But if all matters could be seen clearly beforehand, war would be as simple as weaving a daisy chain.

From the repetition of several arresting facts came the revelation. Why did the Chinese columns always strike obliquely against our axis? Why were these relatively unskilled soldiers invariably finding our main rearward installations, though for reasons I need not reveal here, it was clear that they blundered into them rather than knowing their exact location?

The answers lay more in plain geography than in tactics. When they were totalled, saying what the Chinese were attempting to do became in Sherlock Holmes' word "elementary," and it was easier to get on with the job of killing them more efficiently.





**Captain Lewis Millett**  
Artillery forward observer, turned infantry company commander

# BAYONET CHARGE

**I**N THE beginning, anyone might have said that Captain Lewis Millett's chance of putting his personal stamp on Easy Company of the 27th Infantry Wolfhounds was not too bright.

Easy Company was already a going enterprise, and knew it. Still under the spell of their late adored leader, Captain Reginald Desiderio, the men could remember with pride that they had matched him, courage for courage, in the last great fight which had cost his life.

That is a story which still must be told—a company action, desperate as any other in the terrible November battle along the Chongchon River.

Together, Captain Desiderio and his company had stood fast when the Chinese had caught them well forward of all other elements in the 25th Infantry Division with nothing on their flanks to thwart envelopment.

Through one unending night they were a tiny island of resistance in a sea of frenzied enemies. On their

lonely hill, they met the shock head-on and held, Desiderio shouting to his men, "Hold till dawn and we've got it made!"—until they picked up the cry and it became a chant.

Death and wounds checked the words in many a throat before the promise came true. The Chinese paid tenfold for the bodies Easy carried from the hill and the walking wounded who hobbled back in the end under their own power.

Just after dawn the Chinese drew off—beaten on the local ground. That could have been a magic hour. But in their last wild charge, moments before, the enemy had cracked Easy's perimeter. Desiderio, seeing his line crumbling, started for the threatened point. A mortar shell, glancing from a tank, struck him down. The men saw the first light of morning reflected from their dead captain's face.

Higher authority took due note of these deeds. Easy Company was recommended for the Distinguished Unit

Citation. Desiderio was put in for a posthumous Medal of Honor.

This was the command and tradition which Captain Lewis Millett chose to take over, hoping that he might give them a little lift. It was a very big order.

I met him while I was working with Easy, reconstructing the Desiderio fight. He stood on the sidelines as I interviewed the unit, listening hard, but saying nothing. It had not been his show. He left the leading of the critique to Lieutenant J. C. Burch who had been with Desiderio. Easy Company was even then in process of moving from a blocking position into an attack.

There were other unusual things

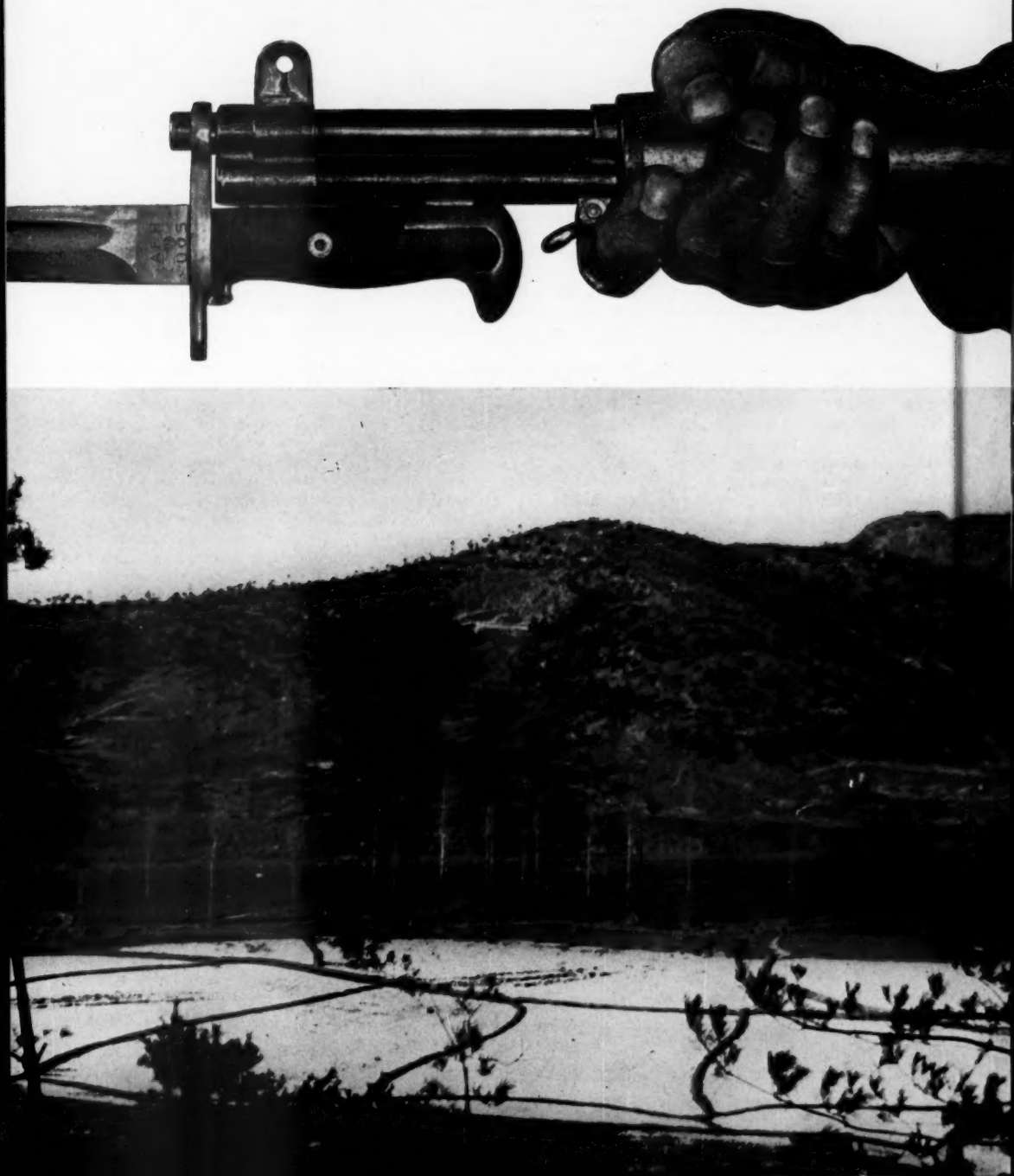
*Hill 180. Millett and the 1st Platoon approached it by crossing the paddy in lower left and going through the line of poplars. The bayonet actions were on top of the ridge while the Chinese who were at the rear of Brockmeyer's party held the high ridge at upper right*

**COMBAT FORCES JOURNAL**



## **Colonel S. L. A. Marshall**

*It was not a perfect show: there is none such where men fight. But here they staged the most complete bayonet charge by American troops since Cold Harbor*



about Millett, signs that he was a little bit crazy—like a fox. For months he had been an outstanding forward observer with the 8th Field Artillery Battalion. Maybe it was a matter of wanting the name as well as the game. He asked for transfer to the Infantry. On 1 January he got his wish and Easy got its new skipper.

They saw a man who probably wouldn't stand out anywhere in a crowd except for a gorgeous mustache the color of ripe cornsilk and an eye that bores like a gimlet. And he is a man who moves about as if there were coiled springs in his shoe-pacs.

On taking over, he didn't turn Easy Company upside down. There were, however, a few modest changes in weapons.

He put two BARs in each squad.

Then he started the practice of loading each man with four to six grenades. This departure was not an unqualified success. There is a natural resistance in an already burdened fighter to carrying more than two grenades, even when he knows he will be closely engaged. No discipline can wholly overcome it. Easy Company finally settled for something like this: Those who could carry more grenades did so. The average man continued to carry two. A resupply of about 150 grenades was kept in the ammo-jeep trailer. In each platoon, one man was put in charge of issuing grenades in order to prevent waste. Squad leaders were held accountable that every man would have a grenade load on entering combat.

But the main change was made in the bayonet.

Like most infantry companies in Korea, Easy had thrown that weapon away. Millett got a resupply. He put one on his own M1 and kept it there. All of his following were required to do likewise.

And back of the line, he gave the Company bayonet drill. Not much—only two days of two hours each. He cut the strokes down to the bare essentials, using only the long thrust (or point), short thrust, jab, and modified butt stroke.

But while the fatigue of standard drill was thus avoided, something extra was added. Millett made his men live with the bayonet, talk it, bed it, and eat it. When the Company moved, men had to have bayonets ready. Afield, they'd be thrown into bayonet charges against stacks of rice straw. On the march, they'd have a go at a mud bank. Whatever was

stickable was stuck. Day by day the men got muscled to swinging a rifle with a bayonet fixed.

Millett said, and kept repeating: "In our next fight, we'll use this. Have it ready!"

This brought one particularly vexing problem. The issue bayonet is too dull to cut butter. The men asked for whetstones. The Army didn't seem to have any. So the men took their problem to the housewives of the Korean neighborhood. Bayonets were sharpened on crude stones from Korean kitchens. The result was something less than a razor edge.

**T**HIS was about the size of it up to the time of Operation Punch, the perfectly coordinated armor-and-infantry attack which, in early February, carried I Corps from Suwon to the Han River, opened the door to Seoul, and marked the real beginning of the American recovery.

Easy Company's fight under Millett was only one small piece of the general engagement fought by the 25th Infantry Division doing a noble job on its right.

From Suwon, two roads, approximately six thousand meters apart, run to the Han, which is about twenty-five miles north of the city. Both roads are enfiladed by ridgelines running approximately at right angle to them all the way to the river.

Seven miles out of Suwon, in the middle ground, is Hill 440. By any sensible standard, it should be called a mountain. It is almost sheer rock, a complex of palisaded ridges with

cliff facings of such abruptness that only an alpinist would undertake to climb them frontally. Gibraltar itself does not look more formidable.

Hill 440 dominates the whole countryside. Beyond it the ridges are lower and fall off more gently toward the river. The enemy had figured it out right and had bunkered in on 440's skyline in great strength. While that key position was held, there could be no moving on the two roads to punish the enemy flanks. The crown of 440 was ice-covered; the night temperatures were only a few degrees above zero. The Turks had a go at 440 and were worsted. Then, as February opened, the 2d Battalion, 35th Infantry, started upward, gained a lodgment on the crest and struck it there, taking terrible punishment and engaging throughout the night at hand-grenade range. The 3d Battalion, 27th Infantry, closed in from the other end of the ridge to complete the kill. This action, which we also have in detail, is one of the most gallant episodes of the war.

But no Chinese retreat followed the fall of the hill. The enemy still stood ready to contest every eminence and village beyond it. But with the linchpin gone from the defense, the way was open for armor to strike along the main roads to the northward, and combining with infantry, destroy in detail the enemy forces clinging to the subordinate ridgelines.

This was Operation Punch. Its unique feature was that it was a shuttle. The two task forces advanced a certain distance each day. The tanks, quad .50s, and supporting field artillery barraged a certain number of hills. The infantry, under this fire cover, swept the same ground clean. Then what was taken was given back, the task forces withdrawing to the MLR by early evening.

That night more Chinese came back into the ground. Next day the same show was repeated. It was a clean killing performance, repeated with certain variations, for five days running. At the end, 4,251 enemy bodies were counted on the ground. The American loss, including the fight for Hill 440, was less than 70 dead.

Millett's company was in the task force which advanced by the left-hand road that winds toward Inchon. What follows is a chapter in the success of Task Force Bartlett.

At noontime, on the first day out (5 February), the 1st Platoon of



Easy got pinned down in a frozen paddy while it was advancing against a low-lying ridge, from which the road column had received a scattering rifle fire. The platoon then doused the hill crest liberally with fire from the 60mm and 81mm mortars. No real trouble was expected.

The line deployed and went forward. Quite suddenly, artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire ranged in on it, just as the lead files were approaching a draw that would have given them partial cover. The lead man, an ROK soldier, went down from a bullet. Behind him, Private First Class Johnnie Decrossett got two bullets through his legs, and a shell fragment winged him in the shoulder as he was falling. Lieutenant Don E. Wilson ran forward to drag the lead man back to cover but was stopped by a bullet before he could get to him. Sergeant First Class Floyd E. Cockrell, who had been moving with Wilson, ran out and dragged Wilson back to the cover of a ditch. He had been hit

a second time. From over on the left of the paddy came the cry, "Two men are hit here!"

Then came temporary paralysis. Men moved only the distance required to get in under the paddy bank or near a hummock. Metal ripped into the ice all around them. Private First Class Eunis Bush, feeling an impulse to go forward, was checked by the sight of his mates lying flat and hardly even moving to return fire.

Millett, from his CP—a hole in the ground—fifty yards behind the rifles, had taken it all in. He called to the 2d Platoon to come in on the 1st's left with bayonets fixed. Then he ordered his 3d Platoon to support the attack with overhead fire from rifles, BARs and the machine gun. The ground around him was already hot from artillery shell. Possibly he was happy enough to leave it as he ran forward to the 1st Platoon, yelling, "Fix bayonets and follow me!" Two of the words of that order were super-

fluous. The bayonets were already fixed, though flat down.

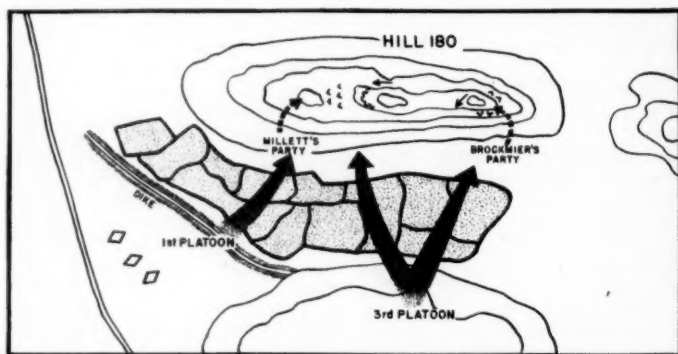
The men arose as he passed through them. From rearward, the 3d Platoon's four BARs and gun had opened fire. From that ground, the men could see the hill from the half-way mark and on up to the summit. The weapons kept working perfectly.

Running straight to the base of the hill, Millett paused there for about two minutes. Cockrell had come right on behind him, but it took that long for the others to know that they had to go—had to follow. There at the base, they were briefly in defilade. The 2d Platoon, coming in on a different line, managed to join them without passing through the zone of direct fire.

Glancing back, Millett assured himself that all had come up save the wounded. Then he started up the slope, yelling, "*She-lie sa-ni!*" which is supposed to be Chinese for "I'm going to kill you with a bayonet," though I cannot vouch for it.

*This was Easy Company at breakfast on the day of the bayonet fight*





The routes of approach to Hill 180

Whether or no, it was the noise that carried them on, and the noise that was important.

Others yelled, "Get out of your holes and fight, you bloody bastards!"

Still others shouted, "Hubba-hubba! hubba - hubba!" or simply screamed in high pitch.

Once started, the chorus never slackened, though breath grew short from the steepness of the climb. Private First Class Carmen Nunno stumbled and fell into a ditch. The others passed over him, and for the moment, quiet himself, his ear was sensitive to the bedlam. The screaming, he said, made his blood run cold. "I never thought you could get it out of GIs."

**F**ORTUNE, fickle as ever, picked a new favorite. Having been bare to the fire on the low ground, the 1st Platoon, making its climb, was protected by the bulging rock of the ridgeline. The Chinese bullets whined harmlessly overhead. But the 2d Platoon, which had won unscathed to its position on the left flank, became a shining target for menace from a new quarter. As the men climbed, their backs were turned to another ridge 150 yards away. This had been Fox Company's objective but Fox had not jumped off in time. The crest was alive with Chinese snipers, and their bullets found the range. A bend in the ridge masked the right flank to this fire, but the 2d Platoon was getting it right in the back. Man after man went down. Millett was out ahead of the 1st Platoon like a hare leading on hounds. In the crisis of the moment, three men recognized that the 2d Platoon had to solve its own local problem.

They were Sergeant Lee Buffington and Private First Class Edward Loder—a good hand with an M1—and Private First Class Gobel Marksbury, Jr., who toted a BAR. This was the trick. Loder worked about twenty-five yards to the right of the BAR, and on up the ridge about twenty feet higher than Marksbury, who, covered by Buffington's rifle, lay in partial concealment behind some scrub pine. Loder stood in the open and fired very rapidly a clip from his M1, aiming at the crest of the other ridge; then he dropped flat among the rocks. Immediately the enemy centered fire on him; Marksbury, with his BAR, and Buffington with his rifle picked off the men who were firing on Loder. It was good hunting, but the kind of game that can't last very long. They saw five or six enemy snipers crumple in their foxholes and others pick up and run over the skyline, while Loder played jack-in-the-box. Then a sniper's bullet found, not Loder, but Marksbury, getting him through the stomach. The round also destroyed his weapon. Buffington and Loder tried to continue the trick, using only their rifles. But the BAR had been the key to it, and there was no further good pay-off. But it had worked long enough for salvation.

One litter team, formed from the clerical staff, moved with each platoon. Under fire, the hard-hit cases were evacuated from the hill as soon as they were down. But for the litter bearers, it was terrible going. The ice was thin on the canals and paddies. With their extra burden, they broke through and sank in mud and water up to their waists. Yet Marksbury was in a helicopter on his way to hospital within fifteen minutes of receiving his wound.

And like other infantrymen in Korea, Easy had thrown away its steel helmets. On this day the preponderant number of its wounded were hit in the neck or the head.

But no loss stayed the advance of the line. The men were on their way, their other leaders trying vainly to keep up with Millett as he strode up the slope, jumping over rock outcroppings with the ease of a gazelle, holding his rifle in his right hand, using his left to wave them on.

Cockrell, trying to keep pace with him, found it impossible. By ten or fifteen feet, he continued a good second best, with Sergeant First Class Fred H. Hines hard on his heels, but also feeling himself outdistanced in the personal contest.

**B**ACK in the 3d Platoon's position, machine gunner Corporal Robert L. Melzer, and the BAR men and riflemen around him, were sweating out the problem of how long they could hold their covering fire. They were giving the upper half of the hill everything their weapons had at a range of 250 yards. But the bayonet line had not yet come into view. They worried lest the men might be crawling upward, and missing the movement among the rocks, they would punish their own ranks.

It was a needless concern. Melzer, with his field glasses trained on the mid-slope, suddenly saw Millett standing clear and alone. He had faced about momentarily to urge the others on. Then Cockrell and Hines were framed in the glasses.

The 3d Platoon's fire was now sweeping the crest. Raising his glasses to follow it, Melzer observed what Millett was not in position to see—that the tumult and momentum of the charge were already achieving their decisive effect. Along the skyline, the Chinese were quitting their bunkers and foxholes and disappearing over the far side of the slope.

Melzer had no chance to observe more. Private First Class Jackie Leffler, who had been shot through the head while making the climb with the 2d Platoon, came staggering into the gun position. Melzer put down his glasses to attend Leffler's wound.

The 1st Platoon got to the top without losing a man on the upgrade. But the willing bayonets were not given a chance. The enemy had departed in a rush, leaving a freshly served meal and numerous weapons





*This is a 25th Division outfit moving up during Operation Punch*

behind in the well camouflaged positions. The 2d Platoon, which had made the climb parallel to the Chinese line of withdrawal, shot a few of them down during the getaway. There was no pursuit. For the hour the Company settled down to a defense of the hill.

What had happened was by way of a full-dress rehearsal for the show staged two days later. In common with the greater number of "furious bayonet charges" reported from the Korean war, there had been no use of cold steel.

What had been shown mainly was that Millett and Easy together formed a combination ideally suited to shock action, and that a man standing up-right to go in with the bayonet is a sucker for a bullet in the back of the head. Further experience was to develop no exception to these findings.

Task Force Bartlett continued its shuttle operation up and back along the left-hand road leading to the Han. By mid-morning of 7 February Easy Company was again heading into trouble. The 3d Platoon was in a "reserve position" on its right rear, which meant simply that the 3d was dug in on the top of a hill, prepared to fire forward, while the other two

platoons advanced via the road ready to assault the next enemy-held ridge, with Millett leading them.

**F**ROM the sharp vision and intuition of Private Victor Cozares came the pattern of the subsequent action. From the 3d Platoon's hill he began to study the next ridge, four hundred yards away. The armor and the rest of Easy were in the act of bypassing it. Cozares's eyes were drawn to the crest. It was dense with foliage. That was the trouble with it, he reflected—there was far *too much* growth at the top of an otherwise almost barren hill. Calling his discovery to the attention of others, he looked with field glasses. Finally, he saw the head of one man bob up and as quickly disappear. As his eyes steadied in the search, he saw more movement, and he could pick up foxholes behind the tree branches. By now, another half dozen men were beside Cozares watching the hill; a small embankment screened them from the enemy. As they looked, a man arose from the enemy position and came walking straight toward them. Cozares said, "Hold fire!" But when the man had come halfway, a nervous soldier beside Cozares suddenly uncorked two

shots. The man ran back over the ridge.

Lieutenant John T. Lammond called Millett on his SCR-536 and told him where the enemy force lay and that there were "many of them." Millett was 350 yards to his left, on the road, and abreast of the ridge. Millett told Lammond that the 3d Platoon was to provide a covering fire from hill to hill with all weapons. The tanks were on the road slightly forward of Lammond's hill. They would move off the road, take position and fire on the same target.

Millett allowed himself just ten minutes to get his assault under way. His plan was to close with the 1st Platoon on the ridge at bayonet point under the 3d's covering fire, while the 3d held ready to come forward on the run if needed in the hand-to-hand fight. He radioed Lieutenant Raimund Schulz the word to get the 1st Platoon ready, and Schulz tried to relay it down the line.

This much done, Millett turned to the armor. Possibly he spent excessive time worrying about his supporting fires, and too little making sure that his men were set. He told the tankers to keep singeing the hill halfway up until he signalled a cease-fire.

To make sure that the fire would be exact, he jumped on a tank, swung one of the .50s around, bull's-eyed it, fired a few rounds, and said, "Keep it there." Corporal Naiko and Private First Class Richard Dials were with him. They were given the signal and told to act for Millett if he became a casualty. All of this was talked out with the tank commander in three or four minutes. Then Millett and the two men started for the 1st Platoon.

Its position was no longer a placid one. Heavy return fire was now coming from the hill. Schulz and the greater part of his men were crouched down behind a large dike flanking the road. Between the dike and the ridge, 75 yards away, lay a deep ditch and a flat of frozen paddies. The dike was long enough to screen the rifle squad on the right and the machine-gun group in the center. But it left Buffington and the other rifle squad exposed to the cold breeze and the fire as well. Private James R. Turner tried to move forward a few yards to get behind a hummock. Just then Buffington got a call from Schulz to pull his squad in behind the dike. He would have done so if the enemy machine gun hadn't already felled Turner. The bullet hit him in the ankle and turned down into the sole of his foot, immobilizing him. Buffington crawled out to drag and carry him to safety. Thus it happened that for a few important minutes, the twelve men on the left were leaderless and unprepared for the next move.

In the center, Sergeant Maynard Byers started replying with this machine gun at about the time when Schulz yelled to Buffington to contract to the right. Just as Turner was hit, the gun went dead from a ruptured cartridge. Byers bent to the task of freeing the gun. Several others joined him in his work, and still several others watched them. So in the center of the 1st Platoon's line also there was a little dead space, where there should have been concentration on the order.

Cockrell was on the extreme right when Millett came into the position running. As he came on, he yelled to Cockrell: "Get ready to move! We're going to assault the hill. Fix bayonets! Charge! Everybody goes with me!"

**B**UT he didn't stop. At a dog trot, he started across the ice-surfaced paddies, hurdling the banks which compartmented them, but keeping his

feet as he came down on the next patch of ice. Other than a sad line of stunted Lombardy poplars, hung with magpies' nests—a common fixture of the Korean scene—nothing else intervened between him and the base of the hill. Bullets were chipping the ice all around as Cockrell and thirteen other men took out after him. They had moved in the nick of time. As they completed the run to the hill base, enemy rifles on the right joined the machine gun which had been firing from the left, and ice splinters filled the air forward of the dike. Several of Buffington's men, starting too late, were cut down as they ran across the ice.

In the Korean fighting the base of a hill is nearly always a friendly space. The enemy digs in around the knoll tops and in the saddles. So situated, he can't bring his flat-trajectory weapons to bear on men at the foot of the slope.

Come to the bottom of Hill 180, Millett paused just long enough to catch his breath and give Schulz, Cockrell and the men time to catch up. For that moment, they were relatively safe. Feeling no pain because so few had made the crossing, Millett said to Cockrell, "It's pretty good, considering everything," and Cockrell grunted his agreement.

They had run toward the nose of Hill 180 at an angle. The lowest of three knobs marking 180's profile was immediately above their heads. Part of its rim was smoothed off and rounded in the conventional form of a Korean graveyard. The knob in the ridge's center, and the last rise at the far end were some twenty meters higher. They expected to find the enemy strength disposed around the two higher elevations.

Millett started climbing on a straight line for the first knob. Getting almost to it, he stood on the skyline, waving for the others to come on, and yelling, "BAR! BAR!" From that ground, he could see the top position, 250

yards away. It was fairly crawling with enemy soldiers. He could also see the machine gun firing from the flank of the same position against his men on the low ground.

Private First Class Ray P. Velarde, who was carrying the BAR, was only a dozen strides behind Millett when he got the call. He had closed the distance by the time Millett topped the first rise. Seeing a foxhole next to the Captain's feet, he hopped into it. And seeing the live targets toward which Millett was pointing, he opened fire.

Millett strode on. Velarde saw him cock his arm back to throw a grenade. Not knowing whether he had found a live target at close range, Velarde still lowered his weapon, and swung it to the side to cover Millett.

**A**LREADY the other thirteen had come up to them, scrambling over the ice-covered rocks, screaming like fiends, just as they had done two days before. Millett, his gaze still on the peak, hadn't really seen anything in the foreground. But the corner of his eye had caught a flash of motion, and from instinct he threw the grenade. As Velarde whirled, Private Jim Chung, one of Easy's ROK soldiers, came abreast of Millett. He looked up at him, smiled, and said, "Captain, me shoot?" then pointed. Almost under Millett's feet were eight enemy soldiers, squatted in foxholes dug into the saddle not twenty feet away. Millett said, "Go ahead, Chung," and as the ROK emptied his M1 into them, Millett's rifle joined fire with him. He got two of them and Chung got some of the others. Then Millett threw two more grenades for good measure.

Velarde, taking it all in and realizing that his BAR wasn't needed at that point, aimed once again at the main enemy position and pulled the trigger. His first burst hit dead on the machine gun, wrecking the piece and killing the gunners.

Already the knob was buzzing with bullets and Millett's party could "feel the air stir with the volume of it." Velarde felt a swish next his cap, and a plucking at his shoulders. He was still whole-skinned but the enemy fire had neatly divested him of the tree camouflage he had worn on the upper part of his body.

Millett was still standing in the open, looking at the main position. What he saw was alarming. The high knob was honeycombed with diggings,





*The remains of a bayoneted Chinese on Hill 180, photographed after the fight*

circling the crest and running far down the slope. It was active as an anthill. He saw several score of men moving in the open, but not a sign of preparation for withdrawal.

Cockrell, on the other hand, was worrying about the ground just ahead. He wasn't sure that Millett and Chung had cleaned it up. To his eye it seemed that there were other diggings beyond the holes which Millett had engaged. To test it, he threw a grenade; it went wild, rolled down the slope and exploded harmlessly. But from the ground at which he had aimed, three grenades came back. One landed next to Corporal George Swauger, exploded under his right leg, and shattered it. Lieutenant Schulz, who was beside Swauger, gave his first aid.

This incident, and what he had seen of the summit, put Millett to his decision. He called Lammond on his SCR-536, told him to ready the 3d Platoon immediately and from his ridge charge frontally against 180. That would bring him in on Millett's right. During the few minutes while Lammond was forming his line on the crest, the group with Millett rested, if rest is the word for it.

**N**O battle charge ever got off to a more spectacular or less promising start. Until the 3d Platoon started down their hill at a head run, none had realized that the down slope was practically a glare of ice. Millett, watching Lammond's line from 180, saw it top the rise and then disintegrate, as man after man lost his footing, landed on his rump and coasted down the hill like a toboggan. Mi-

raculously, most of them managed to hold onto their weapons. From the enemy ground, burp guns over on the right, a machine gun halfway up the hill in the center, and the nests of riflemen deployed around the two upper knobs, turned their undivided fire against this sliding, careening mass.

The slide down the slope was about 50 yards. The run from hill to hill was another 150 on the flat. Regaining its feet, the 3d Platoon took off at a run across this expanse of ice-bound paddies. Not one man lagged behind. They charged, screaming and cursing, dead ahead, seemingly unheeding the rain of bullet and shell which was cracking the ice under their feet.

Some of the fire found its mark. Private First Class Howard Baumgardner was knocked down by two bullets. One slug had cut his BAR sling and the other had knocked out the rear sight. He was unhurt, though a trifle rump-sprung. Picking himself up, he rejoined the charge, though now weaponless. Then a piece of mortar shell hit him in the leg and a bullet tore away the seat of his trousers. He went down again, picked himself up again, and kept on running toward the hill.

Private First Class John W. Lescallet, carrying the platoon's machine gun, miraculously made the run downhill without falling. Crossing the paddies, he was knocked down by a mortar hit that ruined the bipod. But he kept on with the weapon. Then a bullet hit the gun over the latch cover and ruined it. Throwing the gun away, Lescallet kept on going.

He still had his pistol. Within five minutes, the 3d Platoon had closed against the base of 180. Though its ranks were bruised, skinned-up and bullet-nicked, all were still alive and fighting.

In his few minutes of organizing the charge, Lammond had done a neat bit of figuring. He placed himself on the extreme left so that he would arrive at Hill 180 on a line even with Millett. Then he extended the platoon line far to the rightward. By increasing the interval between men, he would give the enemy less of a target and would also approach the hill in formation to attack it along its entire length.

These dispositions worked out as foreseen. Millett walked down to meet him as the Platoon completed its run. He said briskly, "Attack straight up the hill!" Lammond turned to shout that order to Sergeant First Class Donald Brockmier, who was leading the group on the 3d Platoon's extreme right flank. But Brockmier had already gone. Along with Lescallet, Corporal Marshall E. Fletcher, Corporal Joseph E. Cyr and Sergeant Robert E. Blair, he had deployed to the extreme end of the hill. This handful was already toiling up the slope intent on closing around the enemy's rear.

They started hopefully enough. There were two BARs in the party. The others except Lescallet had grenades and M1s. Bounding about five yards at a time, the grenadiers worked over the foreground while the automatic rifles supplied a covering fire. The system was perfect while it worked; the will of the group was limitless, but its strength in men and supply was not equal to the task. So in the end it suffered the hardest fortune of the day.

Already, however, hell was popping elsewhere. Millett's brief instruction to Lammond ended in a detonation as two grenades came sailing down on them from the same saddle Chung had engaged in the opening minutes. Millett turned and ran straight up to the enemy works. Right on his heels was Corporal Herbert Faulkner who had arrived with Lammond. On reaching the crest, he was about ten yards to Millett's left, which put him within fifteen feet of the enemy foxholes, though he had not previously known their location. Too late, he saw his mistake, but he couldn't retreat. An enemy "buffalo gun" (antitank rifle) was pointing right at his head twelve

feet away. He ducked to one side as the gun went off, then dodged to the other as it roared again.

For five rounds this mad dance continued. Then a grenade came at him. In jumping away from its blast, he fell behind a rock, but it was too flat even to shield his head. He lay there for a moment thinking it was the end. Then the fire lifted. From behind the rock he yelled to Millett as loud as he could: "Get them if you can! I can't. They're sniping right at me."

**B**UT Millett didn't hear a word. He didn't even know Faulkner was there. His ear was dulled to the noise of the explosions right next him by the general noise of the battle. Still puzzled as to the exact location of the enemy foxholes, he stood there in the open, looking in the wrong direction. A moment too late he turned, saw the buffalo gun firing in the opposite direction, and realized his danger. The enemy had reacted not less slowly to his presence, though right then, to Faulkner's mercy, the target shifted to Millett. Eight grenades came at Millett, five of which exploded, as he ducked and twisted like an African dodger. From twenty yards down the slope, Sergeant Hines was witnessing this scene.

He yelled, "Look out!" The ninth grenade had landed right behind Millett and he hadn't seen it. Its explosion drove a piece of steel into Millett's back. Apart from a considerable blood-letting, which was possibly helpful, its main effect was to make Millett realize that if he persisted on this line, it would be suicide.

Instead of walking straight into the foxholes along the line of the ridge, he now determined to work over to the reverse crest and come in on the left flank of the enemy position. So he set out to circle the lower knob, a movement which took him through the ground held by Schulz and his group and brought him out slightly above the left flank of the 3d Platoon's line. These men had been concentrating their fire from the lower knob against the high hilltop. The guns of the armor should have been firing on the same target. But in his preparation, Millett had directed them to fire along a line halfway up the hill, where they were doing little or no damage, and he didn't think to change the order. In the afterglow, he regretted that mistake.

In making his detour, Millett passed

Cockrell who asked him, "Shall we try to take prisoners?" Millett answered: "I say to hell with it. No one on this hill intends to give up."

As he rounded the ridge and came out just above the 3d Platoon's flank, its ranks heard him shouting: "Use grenades and cold steel! Use grenades and cold steel! Come on up here, you sons of bitches!"

The language surprised them. They had never heard the Captain talk like that. They were shocked, but not made unhappy. They commented to one another on how they could hear and see Millett above all else on the field. The red mustache now bristled straight out. The fighting face was flushed almost scarlet. And with all hands yelling "*she-lie*" and words unprintable, Millett's piercing voice could still be heard above all others.

The 3d Platoon was doing its work boldly but methodically, and it would not be rushed. On the left flank, nearest Millett, Cozares was leading an attack group which included Privates First Class Bush and Harold E. Blodgett. Cozares, acting as point, spent his own two grenades on an enemy foxhole about halfway up the ridge. Then he yelled for the others to pitch him grenades baseball style. Bush had one and Blodgett two; the four men spread out on either side of them had a total of six. In the same way that an infield tosses the ball around prior to an inning, they kept Cozares supplied through the air. The advance proceeded by bounds, ten to twelve feet at a time. Cozares, catching the grenade, unpinned and threw it, and as he yelled, "Grenade!" all went flat. Then another grenade was pitched to him, and the whole group bounded forward to the edge of the area just struck, there repeating the process. In this way they bombed out a path for themselves right to the skyline; in so doing they had killed perhaps a dozen of the enemy. Cozares had an unerring aim.

**O**VER on the far end of the hill, Brockmier and his group of four, having proceeded in about the same way as Cozares, were now almost atop the ridge, but were about to run out of grenades and BAR ammunition. The BARs had raked the cap of Hill 180. They had seen a number of men fall. Things were getting much quieter up there. Cyr, Blair, Lescallet and Fletcher were still going along sound. But what worried Brockmier was another

hill, 250 yards to his rear. Bullets were chipping the rocks around his party and he sensed from the whine of the ricochets that they couldn't be coming from the ground he was engaging.

This was how the fight stood about forty minutes after it had started. Easy had moved about as fast as is humanly possible under combat conditions. All around the perimeter developments were approaching their tremendous climax. Bayonets were still pointed forward; they had not been used.

Back on the skyline again, Millett came out within five feet of the enemy diggings from which he had been grenaded. He walked toward the hole firing his M1. So well was it covered with tree branches and piled-up earth that he could get no idea what the trench held.

But in the midst of fire, at the far end, he saw the buffalo gun swing around. He went straight in with the bayonet. His blade sunk into a Chinese throat and tore through the neck. He had to fire the M1 to release its bayonet by the recoil. In the nick of time he was able to get the blade into the throat of a second man coming at him with a clubbed rifle.

That, he thought, cleaned up the situation. But Private Nunno, standing at the trench a few feet from Millett, saw a third man stoop low to crawl through a passage back to the buffalo gun. Nunno tried to fire, but there was just an empty click from his rifle. So he jumped into the trench. Three times he lunged, trying to bayonet the man. Each time the blade slipped off his thick clothing. On the fourth thrust it sank between the shoulder blades and the man died.

Cockrell had rushed forward to Millett's support. Even as Nunno jumped into the trench, Cockrell saw another head rise up out of the ground ten yards behind Millett in a hitherto concealed hole. He jumped toward it, and his bayonet went downward into the man's neck and chest cavity. Hot blood spurted into his face. A second figure arose from behind the corpse, but there was no motion of surrender. Cockrell shot him square between the eyes at one-foot range.

**C**OCKRELL'S move had flushed yet a third group. Nunno saw a man's head bob up from a camouflaged pit just a few yards on beyond the sergeant. He charged the spot just as Co-





The ice covered slope down which the 3rd Platoon slid and skidded as viewed from Hill 180

zares's party, coming at last to the skyline, converged on the same ground at a right angle to his run. Nunno was going fast, holding the bayonet straight out, with his full body weight behind it. The blade tore straight through the man's chest and stuck there, the victim dying almost instantly. From the same foxhole tier, two more men arose, rifles in hand. Blodgett, running to Nunno's assistance, blew their heads off with his BAR.

Cozares and Bush had topped the rise some twenty yards beyond Blodgett. They screamed like Apaches as they turned right along the ridgeline to continue the mop-up. Immediately, Cozares spied two Chinese crouching low in a foxhole, not ten feet away. Both had rifles pointed on them. Cozares pulled the trigger; one man slumped over, shot through the head. He pulled again, and the rifle clicked dead; the M1 ejector had failed at that moment; the second cartridge had not gone into the chamber.

That gave the second Chinese time to fire; Cozares, lunging toward him, felt the bullet singe his ear at seven-foot distance. At the last split second the man turned, and Cozares's bayonet went through his back. As he withdrew the blade, a third enemy soldier jumped from a foxhole on the reverse slope and ran past him; Cozares sprinted after him and the chase ended as his blade spitted the man between the shoulders. He cleared his rifle and got another shell into the chamber just in time to shoot a fourth man who had jumped from a

trench a few yards on ahead, and started to run. Cozares sprang for the trench; it was split in two by a bank of earth. At first he saw only the empty ditch; then the fifth man stood up clear just beyond the embankment. Cozares's knees hit the earth bank at the same instant his bayonet went through the man's chest. The sensation almost overpowered him, for to his shock and amazement, the chest, on being pierced, gave forth a booming sound "like a bass drum." By now his every motion was mechanical and he was screaming uncontrollably. Something stirred in the covered portion of the trench beyond the man who had just fallen; a sixth man was crawling down the passage, trying to get away. Cozares killed him with another shot from the M1, not even bothering to put his rifle to his shoulder.

**T**HEN, he thinks, he must have gone a little mad. Uncertain that the fifth man was dead, he turned back to give him more. Four times he drove the bayonet into the chest, and each time he heard the same dreadful boom. It heightened his hysteria. On the fourth withdrawal, he drove straight at the man's head. The blade wedged in the skull. For five minutes he strained to loosen it, sweating and screaming.

That struggle, and one thing else, brought him back to sanity. While he tugged at the blade, Private First Class Takashi Shoda passed him and

continued on along the ridge. Shoda was a BAR man. He marched straight ahead, shifting his weapon from left to right and blasting every shrub or bit of ground that looked as if it might conceal an enemy. He acted like a man with a mission, paying no heed to anyone else. But as he moved he laughed a terrible laugh which rose above every other sound on the field. It kept on and on like something out of a bad dream or a lunatic ward. After Shoda had passed from sight, Cozares could still hear it. And then the sound frightened him; it also made him feel better. He wasn't the only one.

Faulkner, the man who had dodged the buffalo gun, moved down the ridge, the same way as Shoda. He passed the halfway point uneventfully; Shoda had mopped up well. Then just a few strides from him an enemy soldier popped out of a hole, rifle in hand. Faulkner charged; the bayonet went through the man's neck but didn't kill him. The man lay there for perhaps ten minutes, though to Faulkner it seemed an hour. While the blood spurted from the wound, he tried to speak but couldn't. He made feeble gestures with his hands. Faulkner guessed that he was begging to be killed. But Faulkner made no move. He couldn't kill the man; he couldn't pull away. He just sat there watching until the man died.

**A**T the far end of the ridge Brockmier and his group had gotten almost to the cap of Hill 180. With the mop-up completed there, the whole ridge would be in Easy's hands, though Brockmier had no way of knowing how the rest of the Company was faring. The BAR clips were empty now but their fire had almost pacified the high ground.

It looked at that moment as if the goal were in sight; but as events came on, it worked out for this group that the distance was infinite.

In front of them, two Chinese arose from a foxhole.

Brockmier threw a grenade — his last one. It hit fair but did the work only partially.

Blair rushed the hole with his bayonet to finish it.

Lescallet, standing beside Brockmier, spun and fell. A bullet had gotten him right through the back of the head.

So died the hard-going private soldier who had kept on charging with

his pistol after his machine gun had been shot from his hands.

Brockmier didn't even have time to stop and feel for heart action. He heard a cry from Blair who was still standing by the foxhole. Then Blair toppled and rolled a few yards down the slope. He had been killed just as Lescallet was, with a bullet through the back of his head.

The other three left the bodies there near the two enemy dead and moved on up toward the skyline.

Above them, a few yards on, a man arose from a foxhole, his arm looping back to toss a grenade. Fletcher charged him with his bayonet, ran it through his chest and killed him.

As he withdrew the blade, a bullet coming from rearward hit Fletcher in the back of the head and he fell dead.

With Brockmier now there was only Cyr. It came to Brockmier's mind that he had better give it up, return to the base of the hill and work back toward the Platoon, or else they would all be killed.

He said to Cyr, "I think we've had enough," and the other man nodded.

There was a stirring under some dead tree branches held by them. Cyr rushed toward the spot with his bayonet forward. An enemy soldier tried to arise from the camouflaged foxhole. Cyr pinned the man there, killing him.

Then, as Cyr straightened, a bullet hit him in the back of the head and he died instantly.



After that, Brockmier didn't care. With Cyr's death he forgot about rejoining the Platoon. He felt it was too late—that all luck had run out. He continued moving and fighting on the same line he had been taking.

Two more Chinese arose in his path. Their backs were turned to him; they seemed to be looking at something coming from the other direction. He shot them before they knew he was there.

That cost him his last bullet.

Twenty yards or so farther along, another man arose, standing with his back toward Brockmier. Moving along stealthily for a distance, Brockmier bounded the last few yards. In the final instant the man turned. It was not a strong thrust, because Brockmier was almost spent. But by accident it hit just the right spot in the neck and the man died without a struggle.

Brockmier walked on along the skyline, his rifle empty, his arms almost too tired to hold it. That was how he met Easy's skirmishers coming from the other direction.

The worst agony of the fight had closed around this one man. Every American killed on Hill 180 had died next to Brockmier.

There is little else to the story of Hill 180, as to how men hoped, planned and feared, how they fought, where they died and what blows they dealt the enemy.

**E**ASY Company's use of cold steel was not marked by any parade-ground finesse. All hands had learned something on that point. Millett had watched his men during the worst of the infighting. He told them later, chiding just a bit, that not a one of them had used the strokes he had taught. When life was at stake, they had cut and slashed every which way. It remained for Cozars to tell him in front of the others, "I watched you, too, Captain, and you didn't make one stroke either, according to your own teaching."

The noise and fury did not all end with the dispatch of the last enemy. The enemy had staked out some animals on the hill—two Mongolian ponies and a jackass. With blood still up, some of Easy's men went on to slaughter these dumb creatures. That

was senseless, but so is war.

Shoda's hysterical laughter still sounded over the field.

The others had ceased their yelling and screaming. But they danced around, pounding one another on the back and saying: "We're good! We're good! We're good!"

To this estimate which they made of themselves, even history would say that they were entitled to it. It had not been a perfect show: there is none such where men fight. But together they had staged the most complete bayonet charge by American troops since Cold Harbor.

That evening, as they organized for perimeter defense of Hill 180, they had time to make careful check of what had been done. The armored people were very admiring and greatly obliging. They agreed to outpost the hill on the roadward side.

Of the approximately 200 men in the mixed force of Chinese and North Koreans which had been holding Hill 180, 47 lay dead on the ground. Of these, 18 had been killed with the bayonet. The wounds proved it beyond question.

Among the booty captured were three buffalo guns, two heavy machine guns, one light machine gun, one tommy gun, thirty-seven rifles.

About two miles north of Hill 180 there is a nameless Korean village. There the enemy had set up a first-aid station. When on the next day the village passed into our hands, the natives said that sixty enemy wounded had been evacuated from Hill 180 during the fight to be treated among them. These and other survivors had slipped away by the back door, which Brockmier and his group were too few to cover wholly.

**U**NLESS the weather has knocked it down, or some fell hand removed it, there is a bayonet stuck into the crack of a rock atop Hill 180 holding a sign which reads: "Compliments of Easy Company."

Other tokens of that day may outlast this one.

Captain Millett, who aspired to be a worthy successor to a courageous leader named Desiderio, has also been recommended for the Medal of Honor.

Easy Company has been put in for another Distinguished Unit Citation.

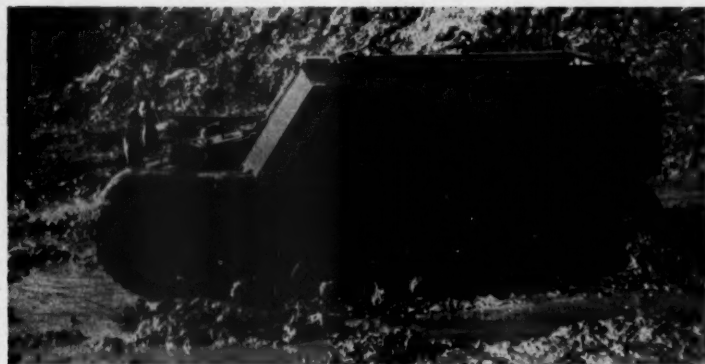
It is now up to the boards to split fine hairs about what constitutes high action "above and beyond the call."

**COMBAT FORCES JOURNAL**



# NEW FRENCH WEAPONS

*Recoilless 75*



*One-ton armored personnel carrier*



*120mm mortar*



*73mm bazooka*



## YOU CAN MAKE TROOP INFORMATION PAY OFF

**Lieutenant Colonel Bryce F. Denno**

"IF these guys had spent more time on the rifle range and less time in the PX snack bar or in TIE classes, they might be alive today."

So (according to one war correspondent) spoke a hard-bitten non-com while looking at his outfit's dead on a Korean battlefield.

This is a more extreme sample of the comments made by critics of troop information and education since this program began several years ago.

TIE has had its share of champions too. To the familiar protest

that valuable training is squandered in TIE classes, they answer that a soldier fights better if he knows why he's fighting and learns faster and better if he's received at least a rudimentary education.

The whole argument boils down to one question: Do we get value received for training time spent in TIE?

As far as the educational part is concerned the answer received is usually "yes." Education is a magic word to most of us; we understand what it means and appreciate its value.

But the information part of TIE is not so familiar or tangible. And that's the big reason why it's not widely understood or appreciated.

It's not my purpose here to attempt to "prove" that time spent on troop information is justified. Rather it's to offer a few practical suggestions to you, the commander, on how you can use troop information in building a

more efficient unit. It's up to you to decide whether the time you'd spend putting these suggestions into effect is worth your while.

Since troop information means many things to many people, let's first define what we're talking about. Briefly, troop information is information given by a commander to his troops for a purpose. The information can range from why he's going to Korea to what he can expect in basic training. The purpose is to get him to perform his duties more intelligently and willingly.

If this definition sounds broad, it's only because troop information has such wide potential application. Let's see how wide.

### **Troop Information in Combat**

Let's go up to the front lines in Korea where combat soldiers have forgotten that there ever was such a thing as a troop information hour (now called command conference.)

**LIEUTENANT COLONEL BRYCE F. DENNO**, Infantry, is on duty in the Office of the Secretary of the Army. Before that he was one of the editors of *Officers' Call*, published by the Troop Information and Education Division of the Office of the Chief of Information. He is a 1940 graduate of the Military Academy. During World War II he served in the 1st and 71st Infantry Divisions in Africa and Europe.

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The doughboy in his foxhole has spent days in a tiny world bounded by what he can see. His contact with the outside world consists mostly of a telephone line to the company CP. He's heard rumors—dozens of them: we're surrounded by the enemy, the enemy is retreating, a whole American division has been wiped out, we're going to be relieved tomorrow, the war is over, the enemy will put a huge air force into action any day now.

This front-line infantryman has little idea of what's going on, including how well or how badly his own battalion or regiment is doing. He's hungry for news and if you tell him you've just come from the States—or even from the rear areas—he'll bombard you with questions.

You, his commander, may dismiss all this with a brief "So what?—my men are hungry for a lot of things. I haven't the time or men to run an 'information please' program. I've got a war to worry about."

Or perhaps you feel differently. Perhaps you believe your men will fight better in the long pull if they have a realistic attitude toward their situation based on accurate and current information about what their unit is doing and how the war as a whole is going. Perhaps you think that the inevitable rumors of the battlefield—whether over-optimistic or over-pessimistic—can weaken the fighting morale of men who are uninformed and therefore gullible.

If you believe all this, you are in agreement with our psychological warfare experts who appreciate the devastating effect that even obviously

untrue enemy propaganda and rumors can sometimes have on troops who know no better.

If you are convinced of the need to keep your men informed in the front lines, how do you go about it?

This is not as hard as it may sound. Copies of the *Stars and Stripes*, for instance, are always available. It's just a matter of getting them out of the rear areas and up to the front. Sure, it takes effort on your part—just as it takes effort to get the food, ammunition and clothing that you need.

*Stars and Stripes* provides the "big picture." You can publish more detailed news of what your own unit is doing—within the limitations of security—by mimeograph. These news sheets can go up front with the rations or mail. You don't need a trained editor to put out these front-line handouts and they don't have to be fancy. They're going to the most news-hungry "captive audience" in the world.

I'd advise you to reprint in these unit news sheets every news story concerning your outfit that you can pick up from Stateside newspapers. Soldiers from the 545th Infantry Regiment, for instance, would get a tremendous lift if they could read a hypothetical item like this reprinted from a Stateside newspaper under the by-line of a well-known war correspondent (also hypothetical).

**SEOUL 15 March**—Today I watched a splendid regiment blast its way through powerful Red defenses to capture an important road junction at \_\_\_\_\_.

The Reds were dug in along a rugged ridge and they had good fields of fire. The 545th knew their

job would be tough. But as Sgt. Joe Doaks, battle-wise veteran of the 3d Battalion put it, "I know these kids of mine have got what it takes to do the job."

And Doaks was right. Under a terrific artillery barrage, tanks and infantry of the 545th moved in on the Reds. Here's the way this reporter who was with the 3d Battalion on the right saw it . . .

I wish you people at home could have been with me to watch these heroic fighting men in action. They looked like true professionals to this reporter who's covered scores of actions in two wars . . .

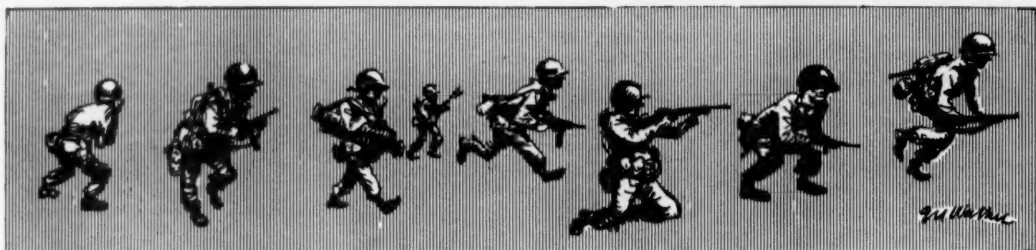
Corn? Sure, the story has been dramatized for home consumption. And sure the soldiers will razz Sergeant Doaks who has probably never thought of himself before as a "battle-wise veteran." Certainly the men of the 545th who went into battle with butterflies in their bellies will be surprised to hear themselves described as "heroic fighting men." They'll joke about the reporter who wrote this story and speculate on where he was during the fighting.

But underneath they'll be tickled pink because they know the folks back home have read that story. "It's about time people were told what it's like over here," they'll say. "About time they knew what a great outfit the 545th Infantry is."

This sort of thing will stimulate men to greater effort because they now have a public reputation to live up to. Now, they feel, people will be watching them to see whether they'll live up to this reputation.

No one will deny that there are practical problems to be solved in keeping the troops informed while they're in the combat zone. But these problems can be solved and are being





solved. I offer as evidence the efforts of the Division TI&E officer of the 1st Cavalry Division.

During almost continuous action in Korea this officer has funneled news magazines, newspapers and a two-page mimeographed newspaper, *The Cavalier*, to his troops.

Stateside news for *The Cavalier* comes to him by short-wave radio from Los Angeles.

#### Troop Information in Rest Areas

The commander has an excellent opportunity to use troop information when his outfit has been pulled out of the line into a rest area. Here he may even want to conduct a command conference.

To some commanders, this will sound absurd. That's because of the mental picture which this suggestion arouses. They imagine a company of dirty, weary riflemen who have had their first break in weeks of hard fighting. These troops are exhausted mentally and physically; they're dispirited over the loss of close friends. They nurse a secret suspicion that they've been doing more of the dirty work in this war than any other outfit. They're browned off at the world in general.

Before this audience appears a gloomy sergeant who speaks with obvious reluctance. "Men," he says apologetically, reading from a pamphlet, "the subject for today's discussion is 'The Responsibilities of the Soldier as a Citizen.'"

Fantastic? Sure. I've deliberately described an obviously exaggerated situation only to illustrate a not-so-obvious truth: the information a troop leader gives his men should be appropriate to the occasion.

There's nothing wrong with the subject "Responsibilities of the Soldier as a Citizen." The point is that it has no application for these fighting men at this time.

What does have application? Well,

let's suppose that this rifle company enters the rest area nursing a deep grudge against their supporting artillery. In a recent attack, they called for artillery fire and didn't get it. They feel they lost more men than they should have because the "dead-beating artillerymen, safe and secure in the rear, don't give a damn for what the doughs are up against."

The company commander is just as angry. But he digs out the facts. He finds the artillery couldn't shoot because they were fighting off a guerrilla attack at the time. "As for dead-beating in the rear," says his artillery informant stung to the quick, "our men have been breaking their backs to support you doughs."

The company commander is not only satisfied, he's apologetic. He's convinced of what he's always felt—the artilleryman is the doughboy's best friend. Fine—but how about the way his men still feel? Is the confidence they've acquired in their artillery through months of training and combat to be destroyed through sheer misunderstanding? Not if the company commander takes time off to set them straight.

#### Division Replacement Company

Back at the tail of the division is the replacement company. Let's see what use we can make of troop information here. Most commanders would agree that it's highly important for these replacements, most of them young and green, to get off to a good start. These men are bewildered and uncertain. They look at the combat-seasoned officers and noncoms of the replacement company's cadre much the same way as freshmen look at the varsity football squad. They are full of questions that are mostly variations of one big question: What are we in for?

So, if they have the time, the cadre members tell them. They tell the replacements a little about what it's like

to be up front. They give some tips about what they've learned while fighting the enemy. They tell about the division they are in—the battle actions it's been through, and how it has performed.

Call this indoctrination, combat orientation, "pep" talks—it's still troop information. These replacements are getting a verbal preview to help prepare them mentally for combat, to give them confidence in themselves and in the outfit they're joining.

#### Troop Information in Training

Psychologists tell us that one of the most important factors in the learning process is a man's will to learn. But I don't believe you have to know psychology to agree with this. Most of us have learned from experience that the best organized and best conducted training program can fall flat if the troops are not convinced of the need to learn what they're being taught.

Here is where troop information can help the commander. By explaining the "why" behind the training, the commander can help stimulate in his soldiers a desire to get the most out of their instruction.

Specifically, troop information can help counter such misconceptions as these:

Anyone with average intelligence can learn to be a doughboy in a few days;

The fact that we've never lost a war proves that Americans are natural soldiers who don't need to train;

It's a waste of time to learn how to use cover and concealment in training because you do this naturally when an enemy shoots at you;

You learn more in two days of combat than you do in six months of training;

There's no need for constant repetition of training subjects—you learn it the first time.

Troop information can also be used

to help give the soldier confidence in his weapons during training. In World War II, for instance, there flowed from North Africa, Sicily, Italy and France a stream of complaints that German machine guns were better than ours because they fired faster. "Why," our soldiers asked, "do we have to fight with weapons that are inferior to the enemy's?" Let's not argue the respective merits of German and American machine guns here. The point is that the German machine guns were inferior to ours in some respects. Because our troops apparently did not appreciate this, the G-3 Branch of our Army Ground Forces planned a training film to compare our machine guns with the enemy's. (The war ended before work could be started on this project.) This film could well have been a troop information project.

Another thing our troops reported was that the Germans and Japs both used a gun powder that was almost smokeless while ours smoked badly. Actually our ordnance experts discovered by test that our powder was no different than the enemy's in its smoke-producing qualities. This information could have been put out to the troops through the troop information program.

Does this sound as if troop information were invading the field of training? Perhaps. But troop information is training. It's the part of training that, among other things, helps prepare a soldier psychologically for war. Certainly a soldier receives part of this mental conditioning when he goes through the infiltration course. But he receives another part of it when he attends a command conference explaining to him what battle is like.

#### Some Miscellaneous Uses

We've discussed specific situations in the combat zone and in training where troop information might have been used. Let's look at a few problems which commanders have faced in the past and see if their solution had a troop information angle.

We'll start with one which bothered a lot of infantry commanders in World War II. You'll remember that after the Normandy invasion got under way, we started running low on infantry replacements. As a result we began converting many antiaircraft officers and enlisted men to infantrymen.

The morale of these "retreads" was

a real problem to infantry commanders. Many AAA soldiers could not understand why they had spent years of training in a specialized branch only to go into combat as infantrymen.

What many of these men did not realize, of course, was that changing operational demands in the theaters of war had forced this decision. When their antiaircraft units had been formed we did not have the air superiority we later attained. By the summer of 1944, we needed fewer antiaircraft batteries and more doughboys. A full and detailed troop information program could have been devoted to this explanation.

When troops from different nations—or even from different sections of the same country—are thrown together, friction often arises. Early in World War II, a Regular Army division composed mostly of Yankees moved south to a post containing a National Guard division composed of Texans. It was expected that these two divisions would go overseas and fight in the same corps. It was important for them to learn to work together.

There was more than a little reason to expect that the men of these outfits would take to each other with all the enthusiasm of two swains courting the same girl. And that's exactly what happened. After a while, friction between the two outfits got serious enough to hamper their work.

Now suppose that a troop information program had been started before these divisions met each other. Suppose each had sent a few officers and men to take part in this program—to

help "introduce" their outfit to the others. If the men of the National Guard division knew something about the Regulars they would meet before they saw them and *vice versa*, wouldn't that have helped eliminate some of the friction?

The same principle, of course, applies to troops going overseas to serve alongside soldiers of allies. The need for our soldiers to get along with the soldiers and people of allied nations is highly important today. The need has been dramatized in Korea. The problem of getting the soldiers of the twelve Atlantic Pact nations to work together is one of the toughest General Eisenhower has to solve. Troop information won't by itself overcome these problems—nobody claims it will. But won't it help?

One division commander used troop information recently to help solve a typical problem. Because the readiness date of this division had been moved up, the commander was obliged to cancel all Christmas leaves. He wanted to make sure his troops understood the reason why they couldn't take time off from training. To do this he used the troop information facilities available to him.

This brings up a point that is still controversial among officers. Many officers consider it a mistake to explain the reason for their orders to troops. They call this "command by apology." Some feel it encourages their soldiers to question orders.

I don't think this objection is valid—if the troop information is conducted properly. You must always tell the troops what they're going to do *first*—then tell them why. Most commanders, I believe, realize that because the reason for an order is obvious to them, it does not necessarily mean it's obvious to their troops. The question of "why" is there—and the soldier will find an answer to his question, even if he has to invent one himself. Sometimes invented answers can be slightly fantastic. The commander ought to want to see to it that the soldier gets the right answer.

#### Tool of Command

I have not mentioned information of an ideological nature generally associated with the troop information program. I've not referred to the need of teaching troops such subjects as "Democracy vs. Communism," "The Responsibilities of the Citizen," "The Issues at Stake in Korea."

I've avoided discussion of this area



of information—not because I consider it unimportant—but because the emphasis this type of subject matter has already received in the troop information program has made it familiar to most officers.

Ideological information might be termed “strategic” or long-range information. It’s highly important because it gives the ultimate answer to questions such as why the selectee is in the Army, and why our soldiers are called upon to fight against communist aggressors in such places as Korea. The sort of troop information I’ve emphasized is of the “tactical” variety. It can help a troop commander accomplish his day-to-day missions more easily and efficiently.

You may say that the suggestions I’ve made contain no new lessons, no new principles. They are things that experienced commanders have always known and practiced. They’re simply techniques of good leadership.

Agreed—and I do not pretend that they are more.

Then why, you ask, do we need troop information officers and troop information specialists? Why don’t we concentrate simply on unit newspapers and such pamphlets as *Armed Forces Talks* and the Army’s *Troop Information Discussion Topics, Report to the Army, and Officers’ Call*.

The operation of these services requires technicians—writers, artists, radio announcers—trained to transmit information in clear and accurate form. As helpful as these services are, I think they sometimes tend to obscure the fact that troop information is basically the responsibility of the commander. The information specialist exists for only one reason: to serve the commander. He helps make the commander’s troop information program more systematic and more effective technically. But the information specialist cannot usurp the prerogative of the commander to inform his troops. This is, and was, a prerogative of command long before anyone ever heard of TIE.

Troop information serves only one purpose: it helps the commander to produce more effective soldiers. This is its only justification because this is the Army’s primary mission.

If you, the troop commander, understand what troop information is, know how to use it, and want to use it, it can help you. Turn it over entirely to the information specialist and its value is dubious.

It’s up to you.

# Battlefield Offenses

**Major Charles R. Cawthon**

***Are we too soft in our treatment of men who desert under fire?***

**A**CCORDING to a War Department news release of 8 July 1945, quoted in *Studies in Social Psychology in World War II*, by Samuel A. Stouffer, the Army executed 102 men in World War II. Of this number only one was for desertion under fire. The rest were for murder or rape.

That one was the only execution for desertion in the American forces since the War Between the States. So it can be assumed that the policy is one of understanding the frailty exhibited by some men in the stress of combat or imminent combat.

MAJOR CHARLES R. CAWTHON, Infantry, is on duty at Headquarters, Sixth Army. During World War II, he served with the 29th Infantry Division.

The man who constituted the exception proving this policy certainly has a right to feel himself imposed upon. Of all the defendants who were convicted under AW 75 during the last eighty-five years, he was the only one to get his neck stretched.

Such a long-established policy must have a firm basis of public acceptance. If I insist that this sympathetic treatment of desertion in the face of the enemy and other forms of cowardice can be carried to the point of serious detriment to the Army as a fighting force, that apparently makes me one of the bloodthirsty Rover Boys.

I felt in 1944 that the trend in dealing with war offenses was toward a travesty of justice. I am one of the same opinion today, six years removed from the emotional strain of ordering good men to their deaths while others malingered their way to safety, or just plain deserted.

We give lip service to the elemental, “kill or be killed” nature of the battlefield. Yet it is proved time after time that in practice a soldier does not have to either kill or be killed. He may become emotionally upset and get a rear area job as a “combat fatigue” case. Or he can abjectly misbehave in the face of the enemy and overtly desert and get nothing more than a prison sentence—a slap on the wrist stacked up against the reality of death by high explosive or bullet faced by those who stand to their duty in battle.

Traditionally, battle has always been considered a matter of kill or be killed, and to make this doctrine stick death has been the accepted punishment for those who wilfully leave it. The American code of military justice holds to this tradition by continuing to decree for such offences “death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct.”



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But on the basis of the record since the War Between the States, this wording would be more realistic if changed to read: "... shall seldom if ever suffer death. Any other punishment that a court-martial may direct will probably be reduced by several echelons of reviewing authorities and a portion of that remaining, will in all likelihood, be remitted before the sentence is completed."

We as a nation, go through the costly motions of war in which we cite, as if by rote, that battle is the pay off. Yet I cannot believe that we really accept war as a matter of life or death, and battle as the pay-off, as long as we deal so generously with those who shirk it.

**I** DISAVOW emphatically any intention to propose that we shoot out of hand all who are apparently derelict in combat duty, a method reportedly in vogue in the communist armies. In no cases should justice proceed with greater attention to the rights of the individual than in the case of a man brought to account for his actions in battle.

A second chance, especially for men new to combat, should always be considered.

I was impressed by this value of a second chance when making an official investigation of the cases of two men of my battalion who failed to get off the ship on D-day in Normandy. Both the action and intent of the two were flagrant desertion. I had no hesitation in recommending trial, and it seemed to me that they deserved execution, especially in view of the number of our finest men who died in that assault.

The division judge advocate, however, advised that on the basis of the record of like cases during the war, neither soldier would be punished adequately if brought to trial. He suggested that the worst thing that could happen to them would be to return to combat. This was done and one of them made a creditable showing, receiving a wound at St. Lô.

**E**VERY man who has been in battle has gone through days of apprehension and timidity that were no credit to him or the Army. No man can be a raging tiger in battle, day in and day out, any more than he can be a ball of fire every day in other activities that bear no comparison to the demands of combat.

It would be grossly wasteful of the always short supply of infantrymen if we executed every private soldier who had an off day in battle. If the communists do this, they should by all means be encouraged to continue. An officer, of course, deserves little if any leeway in his battlefield conduct. Certainly not the tolerance of World War II, when even the reclassification of abjectly cowardly individuals was a monumental undertaking.

There are also genuine cases of combat fatigue in which a man's actions are beyond his control. I saw only three in World War II. In each instance it was a state of blind staggers that could not have been faked. The dozens of other cases in my outfit were variations of fear that is such a common commodity of battle that they should never have been given recognition as combat fatigue.

Under normal conditions, a good unit can take care of its men and officers who need a short relief from the front line. The 29th Infantry Division maintained a sensible policy of this kind and salvaged many a man both to the benefit of the service and his own self respect.

It is sensible to salvage within reason every man possible, but it is mandatory to hew to a high standard of battlefield conduct if the fighting integrity of an army is to be maintained. Gross and repeated violators must be punished by execution or imprisonment for life without recourse to pardon. Those who deserted to become black market operators in Paris fall

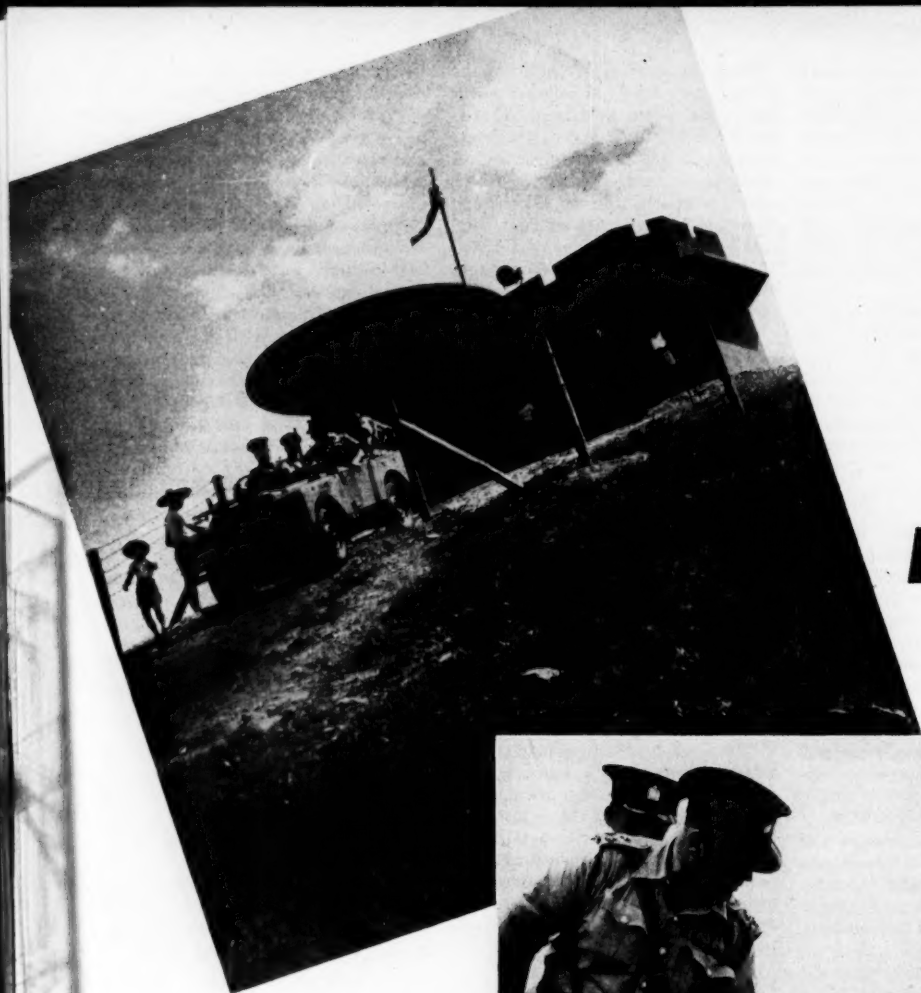
particularly within my idea of the candidates for this treatment.

To follow the common law principle of trial by a jury of his peers, a soldier called to account for battlefield action should be tried by a court composed of those engaged at the time in active combat. I do not believe that anyone whose life has not been at stake in action is competent to evaluate the offense.

The principle must be firmly established and followed that a man who enters combat cannot leave it by any means other than honorable, without the fair certainty of having to pay with his life. The *Studies in Social Psychology in World War II*, quoted earlier, found that combat veterans did not feel overly bitter about their fellows who deserted them. This reaction, I believe, came in no small measure from the fact that most of the stigma and punishment had been removed from such deeds. Men respect a course of action largely in terms of what they have to pay for following it. If the result of battlefield offenses is a dishonorable death, the stigma will increase and will be more carefully avoided.

It just occurs to me that delivering such opinions in print is a hazardous procedure. For instance, if I were ever in the unfortunate position of having an Old Man who couldn't see eye to eye with me on why I failed to take an objective, I would dislike having portions of this article quoted to the court by a trial judge advocate possessed of a well-developed sneer.

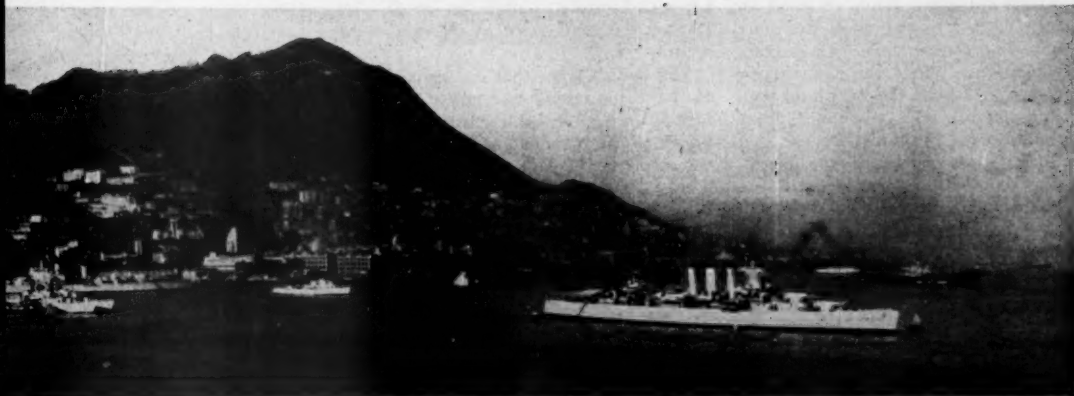




# Hongko

*This modernistic observation post overlooks the Lo Wu Bridge. The Hongkong patrol mans it and other observation posts along the boundary of the Crown Colony. The patrol are curious and cautious when it comes to the luggage of an incoming traveler. Here they use a mine detector on a suspicious suitcase.*





*This is the view of Hongkong remembered by millions of travellers. The modern city lies between the waterfront and The Peak rising steeply in the background.*

# ng: 3 Ways to Murder a City

**Major Paul M. A. Linebarger**

***Hongkong and its British government have out-last-ed many Chinese regimes but can it survive the threat of Red China?***

**L**AST summer I visited Hongkong. The occasion for my visit was a honeymoon plus research trip. It was about my fifteenth time there, and I can cordially recommend it for anybody on a honeymoon. You can go broke in Hongkong more pleasantly than in any other city I know of. Hongkong has fine modern hotels, clean air-conditioned restaurants, rich shops, low prices, modern traffic, good movies, and as many first-class restaurants, as any other city on earth.

Yet the delights of Hongkong had a touch of bitterness in their taste. It took a while to identify that bitterness but after a while I got it. It was a taste of danger.

Other cities have the threat of the atomic bomb hanging over them. Hongkong has the threat of Chinese Communist conquest. It is a real threat. It can be looked at at the

border, it can be listened to on the radio, it can be heard in the occasional thunder of naval gunfire.

Hongkong has been British a little longer than California has been American. It is near China, but it is not part of China—just as Gibraltar is near Spain, Malta near Italy, and as Big Diomedes is near Russia. The British took the small island of Hongkong from China in 1841-42; the Chinese gave the British absolute title. Later the British added the peninsula across from the island at the tip of the Kowloon cape, and finally they leased from China the territories behind the tip of Kowloon. The lease was made in 1898 and it will expire in 1997. Some optimistic British officials are already beginning to worry about what they will do after 1997 when the "New Territories," as they are called, are to be returned to whatever Chinese government exists at that time.

The British have held the island of Hongkong for a hundred years but they haven't yet decided how to spell its name. Some of the official documents write it as one word, while others make the two words Hong Kong. The island has thirty-two square miles, about half the area of

the District of Columbia. British Kowloon has around three square miles and New Territories have 356 square miles. At its best, therefore, the area of all three parts of Hongkong compares with the allied beachheads at Pusan or Anzio. The name, Hongkong, applies to the island and to both parts of Kowloon Peninsula held by the British.

Hongkong is governed as a British Crown Colony with a British governor and some local self-government. On the whole, the people have more political privileges than most residents of the District of Columbia do. And it is as democratic an area in publication, education, commerce, and travel rights as you could find anywhere in the world. It is a stable area which has flourished through 109 years of peace, interrupted only by the Japanese occupation during World War II. The best established Chinese families in town are prouder of being British than they are of being Chinese. I met, for example, Sir Shousan Chow, but I missed Sir Robert Ho Tung.

The British have kept Hongkong free. Just about anything goes except narcotics. You can run a lottery, have two wives, preach communism,

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preach anti-communism, or stand on your head—just as long as you don't impede traffic or violate the sanitary regulations. When the Kuomintang controlled China, the British let both Kuomintang and Communists have the freedom of Hongkong, so that Chiang's officials called the British pro-Communist. Today the Communists have China, the British still give the Kuomintang the freedom of Hongkong, and it is the Communists now who accuse the British of being pro-Kuomintang. The British are mildly pro-British and extremely pro-business. And they are also applying the democratic way of life with extreme matter-of-factness in a part of the world where it has never been applied before.

Could the Communists attack Hongkong?

Indeed they could.

But would they?

Not right now. You see, the Communists are making money, too. The function of Hongkong is primarily to serve as a trading city and a shipping port. The Communists find it wonderfully convenient to have the British maintain one port through which the Communists can smuggle or purchase whatever they need. They can also attack the British on the radio when their particular Communist version of self-respect demands that they tell imperialism that imperialism is a ravenous beast exploiting the suffering masses of Asia. But when they get through making the radio broadcast, they send over three or four plump Communist officials to buy some more cotton goods, medical supplies, or whatever else they need. The British understand this game very well and do not expect an attack right now.

**S**OME of the British even think that Hongkong will outlast Red China, just as it has outlasted Communist China, Nationalist China, Republican China, and the China of the Dowager Empress. Chinese governments come and go, but the great British banks and companies stay on almost with the immutability of the stars. Jardine-Matheson, Butterfield & Swire, the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, and the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, seem to be geologically stable. The myth of British vulnerability would be complete if the Japanese had not taken the colony with a bit-

ter attack which started on Pearl Harbor Day and ended in the same month.

The British know that the security of Hongkong rests on sea power. As long as the high seas can deliver more punch to the mainland of Asia than the mainland of Asia can deliver to a coastal point at Hongkong, British power will remain.

**Y**OU see, therefore, that Hongkong poses a strategic problem so neat as to resemble the problems set up in war games or textbooks: Sea power versus land power. If there were no British navy, the countless divisions of Mao Tse-tung's People's Liberation Army could swamp the small British forces on Hongkong Island and the Kowloon Peninsula, even if the British fought with the valor of the men of Thermopylae. If Chinese land power were unorganized and archaic, as it was a hundred years ago, tiny little British gunboats could terrorize all South China by ranging in the harbors and up the local rivers.

But today both are strong. The British fleet is still a great force in world affairs; after our own it is the largest fleet on earth. And the Chinese Communist land forces are also a second-largest; next to the Russians they are probably the biggest land forces in the world. So what happens then? If the British have air power and the Chinese Communists do not, the situation becomes parallel to that of our own fight with the North Koreans. If both sides have air power, the two factors tend to cancel out. Hongkong is an ideal auction block for the competitive concentration of military force. If the Chinese get air power from Russia, the British (or the United Nations) can send it out from the United Kingdom, or from Australia, or up from Singapore, or they can call on our forces at Okinawa. There is virtually no limit to the amount of air power that can be concentrated in this general strategic area. Tactically, however, Hongkong is poorly suited for strategic air use, since its one major airfield, Kai Tak, is short and overcrowded.

It looks as though we are back to the problem: Land Power versus Sea Power, since air could in any reasonable possibility cancel out air.

In terms of political and military probabilities, there are three ways in which the Chinese Communists, with Russia behind them, could change

"Hongkong" from a place name to the name of an historical incident:

First, they could try to take Hongkong by outright military attack.

Second, they could attack Hongkong by means of both land forces and a violent fifth-column effort within the colony.

Third, they could try to take Hongkong without firing a shot, by closing every Chinese port as well as the local Kowloon frontier to anything and anybody which had ever touched Hongkong, while at the same time promoting passive general strikes within the city.

Let us examine these one by one.

**C**HU TEH, as commander in chief of the Chinese Communist military forces, could launch a major attack on Hongkong. The colony would fall only if the British were so preoccupied elsewhere that they could not pour in naval power, air power, and land reinforcements: given the present-day situation, outright Communist attack would be made only if the Communists actually desired an incident without too much expectation of victory, since the British *could*, and undoubtedly would, reinforce Hongkong. As things stand now, in 1951, a real Chinese attack on Hongkong might lead to a repetition of the boners pulled by the Politburo in Korea. If they want to fight without a victory, they can certainly have a fight. But the Chinese land forces, short of a major international war, could not get past the existing garrison, plus the militia, plus British naval gunfire, plus British land reinforcements coming up rapidly from Malaya, plus the Australians and New Zealanders and other Commonwealth troops who could be rushed to Hongkong.

Outright attack could convert Hongkong into a Pusan or Anzio. For it to fall, the British force would have to fight without hope of reinforcement and the British navy would have to be tied up elsewhere.

Do the Communists want a fight without a victory? This is not sound military doctrine in terms of American teaching. It may be sound according to the more complicated methods of Communist strategic thinking. What could the Communists lose? At the worst they could be driven back a few miles from the frontier. There is not much chance that America and Britain would seriously punish Communist China, even for an attack on



Hongkong. American isolationists would join up with American pinks in criticizing any attempt of the U.S. to reinforce the British at Hongkong and, given the right kind of international psychological situation, Moscow could tell Peiping to create a Hongkong incident as a means of splitting Washington and London from each other. The incident might be worth while, furthermore, to prove to the people of Asia that the white men are still murderous imperialists intent on extorting the last possible dollar from Asia. (Mere facts, such as the extraordinary well-being of the Chinese under British rule at Hongkong, good police services, freedom of speech locally, and excellent public health facilities, would not contradict this Communist myth.) If we speculate a little, perhaps we can agree on this: *the Chinese Communists will attack Hongkong in the near future only in the event that they desire to have a fight, not in the event that they really mean to take Hongkong.* Does that make sense?

**I**f they really meant to take Hongkong, they would be more apt to use the second or third method. This second method, attack plus a violent fifth-column blow-up within the peninsula and island, might succeed if it were planned just right. On the other hand, the British police would be fairly hard to fool. The British are not latecomers to the field of espionage. They probably know as much about the Communists as the Communists know about them. If the Communists began to recruit a fifth column to destroy the wicked British in Hongkong, it would be entirely possible that the wicked British would send loyal British subjects (who merely happen to be Chinese by race and language) into the fifth column to blow it up in the other direction. The Communists would have to do a superlative job of secrecy and organization in order to outsmart the British at undercover operations. The British have no intention of harming Communist China. This is obvious, since they have recognized Mao's regime and are trying to do business at the same old stand in Hongkong. This does not mean that the British are boobies. Their business-as-usual policy has simply been applied to "one more Chinese government." To do business as usual they need Hongkong. Thus, though they

never plan to conquer China, they have always planned to defend Hongkong.

And they would do it, too.

**T**HE third device—a really cold war—could kill Hongkong without a shot being fired. When the Nationalists and Communists were working together against British, American, and Japanese imperialism in the years 1922-1927, the Chinese revolutionary leaders at Canton proclaimed a general strike in Hongkong. The strike was so severe that Hongkong was a virtually dead city until the Chinese decided that they had more to win by concentrating their efforts in the Yangtse Valley rather than by forcing the British to a showdown in the south.

Prim, bland, smooth-faced Chinese Communist officials may some day protest that nothing whatever is wrong, while declaring "nothing more for Hongkong." If every Chinese in Hongkong, even the pro-British ones, knew that a stable and powerful Red China was prepared to blackmail British Hongkong forever, most of them would give up. Only a handful would disperse to other corners of the British empire, remaining loyal British subjects of the Chinese race. In time they might become as quaint as those Jews exiled centuries ago from Spain to the Levant and the Black Sea, who even today still speak an archaic kind of Spanish. Some Hongkongese might live on as political relics, but Hongkong would die if—

If a Red China really meant it and could outstare, outbluff, and outlast the British empire.

I am not telling the Communists anything they don't know when I write this article and let them read this particular strategic estimate in *COMBAT FORCES JOURNAL*. *The Communists have already tried this technique.* After all, wasn't this the method they used in blockading the democratic sectors of Berlin? Wouldn't they have won except for the airlift?

It might take a long time to win the third way, a year, five years, ten years. Perhaps the Chinese Communist regime is not sure of its own capacity to hold out for the long strangling of Hongkong. It would be humiliating to start the blackmail of Hongkong and then to have to back down on it.

The British could not shoot guns at anything as impersonal as econom-

ic and customs instructions issued thousands of miles away in Peking. Under the conditions of the 1950s it is unlikely that the British would resort to those tough old provisions of international law which entitle one sovereignty to use *retorsion* or even *reprisal* against another. In the past, such blackmail might have been met with a British blockade of the ports of Canton and Shanghai, or even with a naval shelling of some vulnerable Chinese point. But the days of gunboat diplomacy are gone.

**A**N outright attack on Hongkong would give the Communists a fight, but it probably would not give them Hongkong. Would you say 1,000 to 1 against? 10,000 to 1 against? Attack plus sabotage, so as to take both peninsula and island before the British could get in reinforcements to hold them. Add the factor that the British probably have good counter-intelligence and counter-sabotage. Would you then figure these odds at 10,000 to 1? But the really cold war, the utterly silent economic war. Would you say 1 to 1—some day? Hongkong might fall in a few years. It may outlast both Red China and Red Russia. The British have a very extraordinary knack for surviving other people's political ambitions. The ghost of Philip of Spain, of Napoleon, and of Hitler, should whisper to Mao Tse-tung that they, too, in their time, thought that the British empire had reached its last days.

If Hongkong falls, the world will lose something beautiful when the city of Victoria facing the city of Kowloon across the harbor becomes impoverished, dark and drab. Right now it is still a real jewel of a city. If you ever get to stand on the Kowloon side and look across to the island of Hongkong at night, you will see the brilliant multicolored neon lights gleaming like a heap of incandescent gems across the waters, while the yellow lights on the high mountains behind the city rise and rise until they blend indistinguishably with the stars.

I myself have come out of a desolate and war-torn China to the safety and the happiness of Hongkong and I, too, could understand, as you will, how a friend of mine could say,

"The sky really does come right down into Hongkong. And this place feels like heaven after China, after trouble, after poverty . . . so near and so far away."

# World Perimeters

Colonel Conrad H. Lanza

## Communist Forces

The approximate strength and disposition of Soviet forces at this time:

Area	No. of Divisions
North Europe .....	20
Central Europe .....	35 <sup>1</sup>
Balkans .....	30 <sup>1</sup>
Caucasia and Iran.....	30 <sup>2</sup>
Far East .....	35 <sup>3</sup>
Reserve (estimated) .....	25 <sup>4</sup>
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>175</b>

<sup>1</sup>Exclusive of satellite divisions.  
<sup>2</sup>May include three or four satellite divisions.  
<sup>3</sup>Exclusive of Chinese or North Korean divisions.  
<sup>4</sup>Some estimates credit up to 50 divisions in reserve of about 12,000 men each.

The Communists have the geographical advantage of a central position. The Soviet's satellites protect its exterior perimeter. Behind the Iron Curtain it is possible to transfer land forces from any theater of operations to another, or to support any satellite.

The approximate strength of the satellites:

Area	No. of Divisions
North Korea .....	12
China .....	200 <sup>1</sup>
Albania .....	1
Bulgaria .....	14 <sup>2</sup>
Romania .....	15
Hungary .....	15 <sup>3</sup>
Czechoslovakia .....	15(?)
Poland .....	20
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>292<sup>4</sup></b>

<sup>1</sup>According to Soviet reports.  
<sup>2</sup>Report of Yugoslav G-2.  
<sup>3</sup>Report of Yugoslav G-2.  
<sup>4</sup>This includes 212 in Far East and 80 in Europe.

On paper the Communist ground strength is vastly greater than that of the anti-Communists. However, this is deceptive. The Chinese and North Korean divisions in the Far East could not readily be transferred to another theater of operations. The loyalty of

the European satellites is doubtful. Excepting Bulgaria, which seems to be pro-Soviet, the others are anti-Communist and are held by force. They may well turn out to be a liability rather than an asset. Whether they would fight their ancient enemies—Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey—is an unanswerable question. It is better to assume that they might.

The Communist Air Force is practically all Russian. There are no reliable figures as to its strength. Best estimates are that it exceeds the total anti-Communist air forces, although it is certainly deficient in certain types of planes, particularly long-range bombers.

Communist naval forces, less submarines, are negligible. The Soviet Union is strong in submarines but not overpowering.

All Communist forces are under a single command—the Politburo at Moscow. This is a major strategical advantage as compared with anti-Communist forces. It is believed that Marshal Stalin has the power to name D-day. Meanwhile all forces are assembled in positions of readiness.

## Anti-Communist Forces

The United States Navy is more than a match for the Communist sea power, and is probably superior in the air. On the ground it is greatly inferior. To remedy this twelve anti-Communist nations have organized the North Atlantic Alliance, and three the Pacific Pact. In both, the United States is the most powerful and influential member. By the terms of the Alliance and the Pact the member nations are bound only to act in the areas covered by their names.

The United States has arrived at a partial agreement with Turkey and Greece, has an understanding with Yugoslavia, and has made some effort toward an understanding with Spain.

Total anti-Communist forces, in divisions or their equivalent, and their distribution, is shown in the following table.

Location	Divisions or equivalent
Korea .....	15 <sup>1</sup>
Japan .....	2
Hong Kong .....	1
Indochina .....	4
Malaya .....	3
Australia and New Zealand .....	2
Mediterranean .....	3 <sup>2</sup>
French Africa .....	5
Turkey .....	18
Greece .....	6
Yugoslavia .....	30
Italy .....	3
Spain .....	20
Portugal .....	2
NATO Army in Germany.....	15 <sup>3</sup>
Norway and Denmark.....	2
Reserve .....	10 <sup>4</sup>
	<b>141<sup>5</sup></b>

<sup>1</sup>Includes South Korean and UN troops.  
<sup>2</sup>Suez, Trieste, Malta, Gibraltar, Cyprus; includes Madagascar.  
<sup>3</sup>By end of 1951.  
<sup>4</sup>In U. S., Britain, Canada and elsewhere.  
<sup>5</sup>Averaging somewhat larger than Soviet divisions.

Of the total anti-Communist strength only thirty divisions (twenty-two per cent) are evenly divided between Korea and Germany, areas under Communist attack or threatened. Some 111 divisions (seventy-eight per cent) are presently unavailable for combat and are scattered all over the world. Compare this distribution with the way the Communist forces are distributed and with their interior lines of communication and ability to concentrate in any theater of operations in Europe or Asia.

## Anti-Communist Strategy

Unfortunately anti-Communist strategy violates elementary strategical rules. That this may be unavoidable in no way alters the essential weakness of defective plans.

**Unity of Command.** Each of the sixteen areas listed above has at least one separate commander. In no case does the commander have any control beyond his own theater of operations. In contrast the Soviet centralized command controls all military forces under a single head, and also controls all non-military powers.

In the North Atlantic Alliance of twelve nations, and the Pacific Pact of three nations, unanimous agreement of members is required for any important action. This kind of alliance is hard to handle. It has taken two

years just to form the beginnings of a NATO Army.

**Dispersion.** A glance at the table above shows how greatly the principle of concentration has been violated. Some of the reasons for this are explained in following paragraphs.

Turkey and Greece have applied for admission to the NATO, and appear to be ready to cooperate. They have not been admitted, because the Benelux countries and Scandinavia object, fearing they might thereby be led into a Mediterranean war. Twenty-four divisions are thereby isolated in what would in a European war be the right flank of the NATO. If the Balkan area cannot be held, Communist forces will have a free route into Northern Italy and Southern France. Pending a solution of this problem Turkey has declined to allow the United States to open air bases within her territory.

Yugoslavia has requested, and is receiving military supplies from the United States, to provide against a threatened Communist attack. It has announced that it would participate in a European war with the NATO Armies. Marshal Tito states he has a good war plan. Details unknown. If Yugoslavia is attacked, and withdraws from opposite the Bulgar frontier into the mountains, or against an attack in the north, Communist troops could pour down into Greece just as the Germans did in 1941. Greece might be lost before help could arrive, and Turkey isolated. Best solution would be to place Turk, Greek and Yugoslav forces under a single commander; concentrated in the south. They could then attack Bulgaria, abandoning north Yugoslavia temporarily. The United States has sought to bring about some such agreement. It has not succeeded. Yugoslavia, notwithstanding the aid received from the United States, will not allow an American plane to fly over its territory.

Spain is very anti-Communist. It has offered to help the NATO. The offer has been refused.

**The Defensive.** The North Atlantic Alliance defends West Europe; the United Nations defend Korea. Everywhere the anti-Communist forces have surrendered the initiative and are defending.

Surprise in a defensive plan is possible only to the enemy. Thus the Communists effected a surprise in Korea on 25 June 1950; and five months later the Chinese won another. In

both instances the enemy made substantial gains.

A strategical defensive rarely succeeds. It requires superiority in man power, resources and time. All these are unlikely to favor the anti-Communist forces.

**Germany and Japan.** If these two states could be rearmed, and join the anti-Communist forces, the latter would have a superiority of forces. The Soviet Union strongly opposes this, notwithstanding that it has itself rearmed, contrary to treaty, its various satellites.

Germany has little enthusiasm for rearming. German sympathies are with the West rather than with Russia, but Germany believes that present plans will not stop the Kremlin and that her own rearming would merely result in punishment for her.

## Russian War Plans

The earliest known plan contemplating war with the United States was issued about 15 January 1945. It was a long-range plan covering nearly twenty years, with war with the United States as the final phase. Earlier phases were:

Theater	Date of completion	Method
Balkans and East Europe	1945	Soviet Occupation
China	1950	Chinese Communists
Korea and Japan	1951	Local Communists, aided by arms
India	1953	Local uprising, aided by arms
SE Asia	not fixed	Local uprisings
Turkey	not fixed	Local uprisings
North Africa	not fixed	Local uprisings
West Europe	1957	War, aided by fifth columns
British Isles	1957	War, aided by fifth columns
United States and Canada	1952-3	War, ending in airborne invasion

Phases one and two have been completed, and phase three was started on time, but has not been completed as planned. The Soviet press predicts that India will join the Communist world by 1953, without war being necessary. Strong Communist armed movements are being actively supported in Burma, Malaya and Indochina.

Due to changed conditions the War Plan was revised in 1949. Principal change was to provide for war with the United States by 1953, if necessary.

This plan is a step-by-step advance, with conquest of Asia preceding war with West Europe, and the latter preceding war with the United States. It did not envisage a war on two fronts at the same time. However, in the

past two years this seems to have been reconsidered. The distribution of Soviet troops points to the possibility of war simultaneously on three fronts: the Far East, the South (Iran and the Levant) and the West. Russia now also understands that war on any of these fronts will automatically involve war with the United States.

It is not surprising that another revision of the War Plan was needed.

In January a Soviet officer surrendered to the Allies in Austria. He reported to be a member of the G-3 section, and brought with him what he said was the current war plan. He claimed to be the son of the former 1941 Russian Chief of Staff, General Shaposhnikov.

Basic conception of the plan is a vigorous offensive, strategically and tactically, as compared with the defensive in 1941. The NATO Army in West Europe will be overwhelmed by strong attacks, coupled with vertical envelopment of defense lines. It is expected that the NATO Army can be destroyed within fifteen days.

At the same time as the attack on West Europe, a second attack will be launched on the south front with two prongs, one going into Iran and the

other into the Levant and on to the Suez Canal. Strong air forces will fly into North Africa, and with the aid of insurgent Arabs will deprive the NATO of bases in that area. Following occupation of West Europe, no attempt will be made to invade the British Isles, but the Atlantic coast will be fortified.

Immediately following occupation of West Europe an all-out offensive will be undertaken in Asia. For this there are now 100 Soviet and 200 Chinese divisions.

This plan gives no dates but the foregoing operations are to be over within a year after the attack is launched.

Thereupon peace proposals will be made to the United States.

This alleged war plan probably is a

plant; it may nevertheless be true. The reason for the plant appears in the final part which offers peace to the United States. It is an invitation to stay out of both the Far East and West Europe and enjoy what is represented as a peaceful existence bossing the Western Hemisphere. It is intended to encourage certain Americans who have proposed that the United States concentrate on *defending* America, and not to undertake war in distant regions.

The remainder of the Soviet plan may be entirely correct. It is strategically sound and the Soviets may have sufficient forces for the necessary tactical successes.

## Atomic War

On 24 March Argentine Dictator Peron announced that his country had on 16 February discovered how to manufacture controlled nuclear reaction and produce the necessary materials, which require no rare mineral, such as uranium, in quantities and relatively cheaply. This claim if true means that atomic bombs might soon be in production in quantities, and in any size. American scientists dismissed the Argentine report as impossible.

For more than a year the Soviet press has hinted that the Soviet Union could produce atomic bombs superior in quality and in quantity to American production. In September, 1950, the top British atomic scientist, Professor Pontecorvo (an Italian by birth) deserted to the Kremlin. On reporting at Moscow he made a speech in which he said that he had worked in Britain as long as there was anything to learn. He was now satisfied that the Americans and British were behind Soviet atomic developments.

According to the deserter, General Shaposhnikov, Soviet scientists have discovered how to make guided missiles carrying atomic or biological charges capable of crossing the Atlantic. Production had not yet started.

Discounting foreign claims as to new discoveries on the ground that our own scientists don't know how to do the same is hazardous. In 1918 American ordnance experts refused to believe that a German gun was shelling Paris, as this meant a 76-mile range, then believed impossible. But it was done. The Soviet and Argentine claims as to new methods to manufacture atomic projectiles should not be disregarded.

## NEWS OF THE SERVICES

### ARTILLERY

#### Artillery Conference

Army Field Forces gave its approval to an instructors' conference to be held at Fort Sill 27-31 August 1951. Conferees will be Artillery officers on duty at other service schools.

The purpose of the conference is three-fold:

- (1) Explain and demonstrate the latest developments in field artillery doctrine, techniques, and equipment.
- (2) Indicate trends and probable future developments in artillery matériel and equipment, with the consequent revisions of techniques and organization necessary to exploit these developments.
- (3) Acquaint conferees with facilities of The Artillery School.

#### New Air Courses

Two new courses were introduced into the curriculum of the Department of Air Training, in May, when training began for army transport helicopter pilots and army helicopter transport mechanics.

The pilots' course is open to officers, warrant officers, and enlisted men who are qualified as fixed-wing or rotary-wing pilots. The course runs for 16 weeks and graduates will emerge with a 1066 MOS.

In the mechanics' course, candidates should be qualified as fixed-wing aircraft mechanics (MOS 0747). However, training will be conducted in fixed-wing procedures in order to refresh those who are not fully prepared to undertake the 'copter course. Graduates will be qualified for MOS 0995. This course also lasts 16 weeks.

#### New 'copters

Two new utility-type Hiller helicopters have been received by the Department of Air Training, and are being utilized along with the Bell 'copters in the Army Helicopter Aviation Tactics course. All students graduating in the future will be proficient in both types. Several new Hillers are expected in the near future.

#### Observation Course

An Artillery Observation Unit Officer's course was started by the Depart-

ment of Observation. The course has a capacity of 30 officers and runs for five and one-half weeks. The next course will begin 2 July 1951.

#### Battery Administration

Battery administration is being taught for the first time since World War II. The re-establishment of the Officer Candidate Course at TAS required the inclusion of basic administration subjects in the curriculum of the Department of General Subjects.

Subjects included in the course are personnel records and administration, battery supply procedure, military law, mess management, military correspondence, and related subjects essential to the basic education of prospective lieutenants of Artillery.

#### New Training Film

Filming was completed early in May for a new training film that deals with artillery fire direction procedure. The Artillery School furnished the technical advisor for the film.

The film is in three parts. Part I deals specifically with the methods and procedures of a fire direction center in a precision registration. Part II covers the procedure in area missions. Part III teaches the construction of the observed-fire chart. Both "live" and animated characters are employed to illustrate the procedures and principles involved.

#### Air Force Artillerymen

Tactical Air Force pilots are being trained at The Artillery School to adjust artillery fire from high-performance aircraft by the Departments of Gunnery and Air Training.

The brief course teaches the student pilots the fundamentals of artillery adjustment, principles of air observation, and the use of high-performance craft in the conduct of observed fire. They also learn the effects of artillery fire, the various methods of attacking targets, and the coordination of ground forces and air force tactical reconnaissance units.

#### Technique of Instruction

Teaching new instructors how to make the most effective use of their classroom time has become one of the major activities of the Department of



General Subjects. The rapid expansion of The Artillery School and the resultant influx of larger numbers of new instructors has greatly accelerated the instructor-training program.

Technique-of-instruction classes are now commencing each week with a capacity of 25 per class. The course, which includes instruction in all the standard methods, is fast becoming known as one of the "toughest" in the school. Students are required to prepare and teach a practice period satisfactorily before receiving a certificate of proficiency as an instructor.

### **Rapid Reading Results**

The Rapid Reading Laboratory of the Department of General Subjects has been recording some astounding results. Recently, a student officer entered the class reading 480 words per minute and comprehending 90 per cent of what he read. After 18 class hours, he was reading 1,590 words per minute and still retained his 90 per cent comprehension.

### **Course Change**

The name of the Artillery Survey Chief's course was changed to the Artillery Survey Supervisors course (MOS 1577). The classes accommodate 55 enlisted men and run for 4 weeks. The next class begins 20 June 1951.

### **Horse to Plane**

The Department of Airborne and Special Operations has doubled its training facilities for the subject of air-transportability in an efficient and economical manner. Two large hay sheds—dating back to the horse-drawn artillery days at Fort Sill—were brought out of obsolescence and converted into mockup areas.

Outlines of the cargo compartments of C-119 and C-82 cargo aircraft were painted to scale on the concrete floors. Tie-down fittings (D-rings) were installed in the floors exactly where they would be found on the actual aircraft. This required drilling holes in the floors and setting small steel rods therein with cement.

Students learn to load artillery matériel "into" these cargo compartments and lash them securely with ropes and other materials with the same degree of proficiency as if they were loading real aircraft.

### **JAN Communications**

Nomenclature of new radio and wire equipment is covered in a "Sum-

mary of Joint Army-Navy Nomenclature System for Communication and Associated Equipment," which was reproduced recently by the Department of Communications, TAS. Some replacement items already are appearing on current T/O&Es and this summary should materially aid both communication and supply personnel.

The summary presently is being issued to student communication specialists and to students in the communication phase of all general courses. It is available for purchase from the Book Department.

### **Scholastic Incentive**

Students of the Artillery Vehicle Maintenance courses of the Department of Motors have a two-fold incentive to earn a top scholastic standing in their classes. Those who demonstrate exceptional abilities as vehicle mechanics during early phases of the course are permitted to advance into the courses prescribed for motor sergeants.

Approximately 20 per cent of each class ordinarily qualifies for this advanced training. Although they continue to be graduated as mechanics, they are also given credit for qualifying as motor sergeants.

### **Canadian Students**

Instructors from the Royal Artillery recently underwent detailed instruction at The Artillery School in the operation and maintenance of the principal and secondary weapons of division artillery. Part of the group received instruction in matériel, gunnery, and combined arms, while others specialized principally in the details of weapons maintenance.

### **Extension Courses**

**Extension Exemption.** A recent change in policy now exempts graduates of certain Field Artillery and Antiaircraft resident courses of The Artillery School from taking appropriate extension courses of the 20, 30, 40, and 50 series.

Graduates of the Artillery Officer Advanced (FA) course or the Associate Field Artillery Officer Advanced course do not have to take the 40 and 50 series (FA). Likewise, the graduates of the Artillery Officer Advanced (AAA) or Associate Advanced Course (AAA) are exempt from taking the 40 and 50 series (AAA).

Those who have graduated from the Basic, Associate Basic Battery Officer, or Special Associate Basic

(FA) courses may omit taking the 20 and 30 series (FA). Those who have credit for the Associate Battery Officers Course (AAA) are exempt from the 20 and 50 series (AAA).

The policy is retroactive to include students who have graduated from resident courses since July 1948.

Detailed information concerning all extension course exemptions now allowed both officers and enlisted men may be obtained by writing the Administrative Section, Department of Extension Courses, Fort Sill, Okla.

**AAA Automatic Weapons.** A revision of Subcourse 20-12AAA, "AAA Matériel—Automatic Weapons," is ready for distribution to interested students. The course includes the characteristics, description and functioning of AAA automatic weapons, mounts, and allied power plants.

**Corps Arty-Defensive.** Subcourse 50-5FA, "Artillery With the Corps in Defensive Action," has been approved by Army Field Forces and should be available by early fall. Organization for defense, employment of intelligence agencies, and the planning and coordination for a retrograde movement are the principal features of this subcourse.

**Army Aviation.** Common Subcourse 44, "Employment of Army Aviation," has been service tested and is expected to be available by October. This subcourse is designed to familiarize the field artillery unit commander and the infantry regimental commander, and staff officers, with the principles of light aviation and the techniques of employment of Army aircraft. The instruction covers the latest types of Army airplanes and helicopters. There are 7 lessons and an examination.

**Corps Arty-Offensive.** Subcourse 50-4FA (Revised), "Artillery with the Corps in Offensive Action," has been service tested and is now being prepared for publication. It should be ready for students by the end of the summer. This course covers the organization for combat of artillery with the corps, fire plans and their coordination, counterbattery procedure, and action of the artillery in pursuit.

**AAA Advanced Gunnery.** A new AAA Subcourse 30-17AAA, "Advanced Gunnery—AAA Guns," has been printed and is now available. This subcourse includes instruction in the computation of ballistic corrections, and trial and calibration fire—to include computation and application of the necessary corrections.

## BY MARSHALL ANDREWS

Do you believe that strategic bombing and the B-36 have reduced the Army to an occupation force and the Navy to a transport shuttle service? Do you still think World War III will be won, and the peace secured, by a few thousand brave lads in the clouds? If you believe these things, Marshall Andrews, Military writer for the *Washington Post*, has some startling information for you in *Disaster Through Air Power*.

Mr. Andrews believes the country is being sold a bill of goods by the Air Force. He believes that you believe the third World War will be an easy war.

He thinks there will be no peace to clinch. He is sure (and he documents his conviction) that if we rely on strategic bombing we shall lose all Europe, perhaps hamstringing the western hemisphere and certainly present world dominion to Russia on a platter.

He also believes that even if we should win through to a stalemate, we shall have to clamber over ruins to our objective, and that the fruits of "Victory" will be the necessity of spending billions to support the vanquished until they shall have reached stability. And that stability may well mean the launching point of a war of total destruction.

His book is a strong and logical plea for the total destruction of the myth, shattered once and for all in Korea, that there can be an easy victory through air power. He would substitute the concept of a rational balance of sea, air, and land forces, and a proper definition of the functions of each.

Regularly \$2.00

**\$1.00**



**ORC Credit Hours.** In July, the Department of Extension Courses will start compilation of credit hours earned by more than 3,300 active ORC students whose retirement date is 30 June 1951. Records of all students in this category will be carefully screened to ensure that each student receives full credit for all work successfully completed. Certificates will be mailed through channels to the students stating the number of credit hours to which they are entitled.

## INFANTRY

### New Projects

Many new ideas in infantry doctrine, tactics, weapons and equipment are turned over to The Infantry School for study. Obviously many of these projects are classified but some that are not reveal the type of work the School is doing in these lines.

A study of infantry regiment messes was designed to increase the efficiency of mess service and to eliminate unnecessary mess personnel. Better food service (and better food) is the constant desire of every soldier. Elimination of unnecessary mess personnel would increase the efficiency of the regiment and create a vital saving in

manpower. This type of study, therefore, cuts across many fields of interest.

A specific study on sniper tactics and training is typical of some of the problems dumped into the lap of the School.

Another study under way is on possible ways of increasing the fire power of infantry units.

Still another is how to provide effective coordinated advanced unit training by infantry and armored units.

### Sound Ranging Class

The School has conducted several classes in infantry sound ranging to train men for service in the counter-fire platoon. There has been a shortage of such technicians, and the lack of them has been felt in Korea.

### Infantry Prestige

During a recent visit General Mark W. Clark asked The Infantry School and Center to search for ideas and ways for increasing the prestige of the Infantry and the infantryman.

### Bigger and Busier

More and bigger classes and some new courses are taxing the administration and faculty of The Infantry School and one of the big tasks of the administration in recent months has been finding qualified instructors to handle the growing load. Many of the new instructors are reserve officers returned to active duty. Korean combat veterans are another source of instructors.

### Airborne Department Booms

The School's Airborne Department has increased the size of its classes from 500 to 750 to take care of the increasing demand for soldiers in airborne techniques.

### Training Films & Manuals

Release of Training Film 7-1584, *Heavy Mortar Company, Infantry Regiment*, should be made soon. The film has been completed and prints sent to appropriate agencies for review and approval.

Film for the *Infantry Tank Company in Attack* has been shot at Benning and production has begun on a film on *Patrolling*.

Two new manuals are off the press: Field Manual 31-20, *Operations Against Guerrilla Forces*; Field Manual 60-5, *Amphibious Operations, Battalion in Assault Landing*.

## REUNIONS

The information listed in the following paragraphs was furnished by officers of the various associations.

**3d Armored Division.** Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio. 26-28 July. For details write: Secretary-Treasurer, 80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

**9th Infantry Division.** Hotel Commodore, New York City. 27-28 July. For details write: National Secretary, P.O. Box 1704, Washington 13, D. C.

**25th Infantry Division.** Hotel Statler, Washington. 6-8 July. For details write: Secretary, P.O. Box 101, Arlington, Va.

**30th Infantry Division.** Cleveland, Ohio. 4-6 July. For details write: Charles E. Campbell, 65 E. 91st St., New York 28, N. Y.

**41st Infantry Division.** Ben Franklin Hotel, Seattle, Wash. 15-17 July. For details write: Edward L. Barrow, Portland Municipal Airport, Portland 13, Ore.

**100th Infantry Division.** Hotel Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia. 7-9 September. For details write: The Century Assn., P.O. Box 86, Hartford, Conn.

# BOOK REVIEW

## A Woman's War

WAR IN KOREA. By Marguerite Higgins. Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1951. 223 Pages; Illustrated; \$2.75.

Marguerite Higgins is a woman of strong opinions on the Korean War, and nearly all of them must be condensed into the 223 pages of this book. The general effect can best be summarized in the classic cry: "Run for your lives; the dam has burst!"

There were two wars in Korea for Marguerite Higgins. One was the battle between the United Nations forces and the Communists; the other the battle between the correspondents and Eighth Army for communications and transportation facilities, with a little guerrilla warfare between Miss Higgins and her New York *Herald Tribune* colleague thrown in. Miss Higgins' battle with authority culminated, of course, in the now-famous edict from the late General Walker that she would have to leave because "there are no facilities for ladies at the front," an edict later rescinded.

There has been much said of plain bad reporting of the Korean War in the early months. Miss Higgins' account of the press facilities available for filing explain a great deal, but not all, of this. It seemed in those months that one could read of nothing but panic among our men, failure of our equipment, bitter comments from private soldiers, noncoms and officers. Miss Higgins believes that since these things of themselves are true, the public should know them. Agreed, but the trouble is, they are only half the truth.

Had the 24th Infantry Division thrown down its arms and run in the face of terrible odds, the foregoing would have been the whole truth. But it did not, although certain of its men, for all I know, did. But let it be said that green troops were fighting in the hardest kind of military action there is to control. And it fought all the way.

I do not say that these men should not have been better trained, had better equipment, been better indoctrinated. But what Miss Higgins apparently does not realize or does not say is that if you take the finest division in the world and throw it into the teeth of such odds, it is going to get the hell kicked out of it. The only question is how badly.

Miss Higgins' remedy for this is spartan training (now being done subject to the limitation that a soldier, like a boxer, can

only be kept razor-sharp so long without committing him to battle) and an immediate beginning of total mobilization. Conditions being what they are, we may be on the way to total mobilization by the time this is published, but I can only say to Miss Higgins that, so long as we maintain our Army on a calculated risk basis, so long will there be men who will have to die against impossible odds as men died in Korea, regardless of their courage, their training, their weapons, or their indoctrination.

There is much in this book that I cannot agree with. There is also a great deal of splendid stuff. Miss Higgins is a courageous reporter, and her accounts, of the Inchon landings, of a battle for Colonel [now General] Michaelis' command post, of the retreat of the 1st Marine Division to Hambung, of the confusion and awful uncertainty of the first retreat from Seoul, are fine personal reporting.

*War in Korea* may well wake the public, as it is intended to do, to the fact that war is a dirty business, and that we were caught badly unprepared for this one. It will be well if it does so. For the professional military man, the book is more than anything indicative of a state of mind that exists among newspapermen and among the public, compounded in part of hating to see Americans taking a licking, and not enough information as to the reasons why—a state of mind that army commanders in the field still cannot seem to cope with competently.—O. C. S.

## Defense Must Come First

THE PRICE OF SURVIVAL. By Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Sweet. Military Service Publishing Co. 230 Pages; Index; \$2.80.

In this thoughtful and concise estimate of our military situation, General Sweet makes the point over and over that defense must come first. If we do not place it above all other considerations, there will, in effect, be nothing left to consider. Defense must have first call upon our efforts and our money. The "price of survival" is all we can possibly give, General Sweet implies—and what we will get for the price, what we will preserve, is worth it.

The author reviews the world military situation, after a brief look to the past. He then outlines the probable phases of all-out war with Russia, if it comes. He estimates the effect of such a war on

every part of the world and every probable theater. If war should come soon, if Russia should suddenly strike with ample supplies of bombs, he is not sure of our eventual success, although he sees Russia itself practically incapacitated by our own retaliatory measures. He thinks it quite possible that the war could go on for years—at terrible cost to us. The cost would be so great, he feels, that we must pitch in now, with all we have, to prevent the war.

No one has sized the vital situation up quite so clearly—from the military viewpoint. Some readers may wish that the author had felt able to go into greater foreign military detail, and all are likely to feel that his book should have had far fewer sub-headings, for they often interfere unnecessarily with the flow of the reading matter. But *The Price of Survival* is nevertheless a useful and timely outline of the most vital military problems the United States has ever faced.—G. V.

## Army of the Potomac

MR. LINCOLN'S ARMY. By Bruce Catton. Doubleday & Co., Inc. 372 Pages; Notes; Index; \$3.75.

"He was trusted to the point of death by one hundred thousand fighting men, but he himself always had his lurking doubts. The soldiers firmly believed that where he was everything was bound to be all right. They would gladly awaken from the deepest sleep of exhaustion to go and cheer him because they felt that way. After Malvern Hill an entire division, underfed for days, deserted the sputtering campfires where in a gloomy rain it was cooking the first hot meal of the week, in order to splash through the mud and hurrah as he galloped down the road, and felt satisfied even though all the fires went out and breakfast was sadly delayed. But it seems that McClellan was never quite convinced. An uncertainty tormented him. It was almost as if some invisible rider constantly followed him . . . and came up abreast every now and then to whisper: 'But General, are you sure?' Every man tries to live up to his own picture of himself. McClellan's picture was glorious, but one gathers that he was never quite confident that he could make it come to life.

"Perhaps this was partly because too much happened to him too soon. Long afterward he remarked: 'It probably would have been better for me personally had my promotion been delayed a year or more; and he was probably quite right. Fame had come early, and it came like an explosion, touched off before he had had a chance to get set for it. He found himself at the top of the ladder almost before he started to climb, and the height was dizzying. One day he was leading a diminutive army of volunteers in an obscure campaign . . . the next day—almost literally the next day—he was the savior of his country . . . with

## King-ship and Lifeman-ship

**A**T FIRST glance, *A King's Story: The Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor* (Putnam, \$4.50) would not seem to be an important book. The events it describes, ending in 1936, seem minor compared to the catastrophes that have overtaken the world since.

Yet it is most important, because it describes engagingly and informally the life and the training of a man who was reared for one career—that of King of England—and because it brings into perspective, by example, the importance of the King in the conduct of affairs of state.

One usually gets the impression from a casual reading of history that the King of England is a figurehead. This book makes it clear that he has very real and important powers, and a deep responsibility to his people. This is nowhere more clearly shown than in that part of the book in which the author discusses his relations with the government over the issue of his impending marriage to Mrs. Simpson—an issue which he might have forced and won had he chosen to “go to the people” at the risk of dividing the country.

*A King's Story* is history in a curious vein, but history nevertheless.

**L**ATELY the Revolutionary War has been coming in for belated study. *The Ragged Ones*, by Burke Davis (Rinehart, \$3.50) is a novel of the period—and a very good one. One thing a novel can do, if it is faithful to history, is to give a clearer picture of the things such a war meant to the men in it, how they existed and fought, than history itself can do.

*The Ragged Ones* is the story of John Blount of General Nathanael Greene's army. John Blount got to be a captain “of whatever those Virginny boys are. They won't have it no other way. Their own captin run and they shot him.” Such was Nathanael Greene's army, but it fought two battles—at the Cowpens and at Guilford Court House—that wrecked the Lord Cornwallis's Army and led to Yorktown. These two battles, short and savage, are brilliantly described here, as are the long retreats between them, and the effect these had on the army. Wisely, Mr. Davis has also included in his novel sections which show the action from the British side and contribute greatly to the effectiveness of the book.

**W**E REPORT with some trepidation that Stephen Potter, author of *Gamesmanship*, has just published *Lifemanship, or the Art of Getting Away with It Without Being An Absolute Plonk* (Holt, \$2.50). Mr. Potter tells you how to be top man at a week-end; how a full-blown ignoramus can compete successfully with genuine experts, especially in military affairs; how to become expert at Woomanship, New Statesmanship, Telephone Management, and other social necessities.

In short, Mr. Potter is one of the sharpest satirists writing today, and his field is as broad as all mankind.

John Dickson Carr is widely regarded as the greatest practitioner of the whodunit since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and his new novel, *The Devil in Velvet* (Harper, \$3.00) adds luster to his reputation. This is the story of Nicholas Fenton, a professor of history at Cambridge in 1925, who sold his soul to the devil to be able to go back into the period of the Restoration to solve a murder in the household of Sir Nick Fenton. In outline, the plot does not seem unusual but it is brilliantly developed, and the period research has been magnificently done. Here is a book that devotees of both the good historical novel and the mystery novel can read with pleasure.—O. C. S.

every imaginable problem arising from the most confusing and pressing of wars seemingly coming straight to him, and to him alone, for solution. He bore himself with a confident air and he said calmly, ‘I can do it all,’ but somewhere far down inside there was a corroding unease.”

That is Bruce Catton's analysis of General George Brinton McClellan presented in this eminently readable book. After the devastating battering that McClellan took from the bludgeoning pen of Kenneth Williams in *Lincoln Finds a General* it is a welcome change of tactics to find him adroitly speared on a very sharp point and sympathetically analyzed by a writer as acute as Bruce Catton. The results are the same: McClellan was in many ways a bad general, but Catton is more understanding of why he was a bad general. He sees all of McClellan's weaknesses: a fatal vacillation; egomania; arrogance; a mind so busy studying all the angles that it never came to a decision; a persecution complex that saw a traitor behind every Federal uniform. Equally sharply, though, Catton sees his strengths: an organizer and administrator of the highest rank, a general devoted to his men and their welfare, an officer fiercely proud of what he thought was his army.

McClellan was a West Pointer who had served capably in the Mexican War, and been thought of highly enough to be sent as an observer to the Crimea. Resigning as a captain, he took to rail-roading and rapidly rose to the ten-thousand-a-year bracket—a large salary in those days. A Pennsylvanian, he was sent for by the Governor when the Civil War broke out to lead Pennsylvania's troops. On the way to Harrisburg he stopped in Columbus, and was grabbed by that Governor to lead Ohio's volunteers.

While the country was hollering for an “On to Richmond!” drive, McClellan with his Ohio troops, competently secured what is now West Virginia for the Union by defeating two Confederate detachments. McClellan promptly started the big drum booming and congratulated his troops on defeating “two armies, commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, entrenched in mountain fastnesses fortified at their leisure.” The two armies actually had been detachments from a force of less than five thousand, but to hear McClellan tell it he made “the conquest look like something out of Napoleon's campaign in northern Italy.”

But the country, hungry for news, ate it up, and was still talking about it when the humiliating news of the first Bull Run came out. McClellan's star dazzled up another magnitude, and to the plaudits of the country he was given command of the Army of the Potomac. His subsequent career never matched the luster of the early exploits.

Despite the natural prominence that



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McClellan plays in this book, it is not essentially the story of Little Mac. After all, as someone put it, it is the only army that triumphed over its own generals. Mr. Catton does excellently by it. He recreates vividly the feel and the smell and the sound of an army. He never forgets, as so many historians are apt to, that the most important thing about an army—and a war—is the men who fight in it. Here you have a personal and intimate story of an army, told with color and accuracy.

After holding Mr. Catton up for high praise it may seem churlish to cavil, but he tends to sacrifice the unity of his history for drama, and a reader not steeped in the Civil War will find himself frequently getting lost both in time and terrain. Mr. Catton has been capricious with his references, and the absence of maps is inexcusable.

Mr. Lincoln's Army, however, rises high above these faults. It is a solid, accurate, and most entertaining book.—R. G. McC.

### Essential Guide

**COMPANY DUTIES.** By Staff of Combat Forces Journal and Combat Forces Press. 144 Pages; \$1.00.

Any reader who has served in a company or similar-sized outfit—and that's practically every reader of *THE JOURNAL*—knows that there isn't any official manual or handbook on the regular every-day duties of those in such units. The stuff is scattered in a lot of different regulations. And a great deal of it isn't written down anywhere to go by.

But companies and other small units don't just run themselves. If you actually put together a company of officers, noncoms, and privates who had never served in a company before, it simply wouldn't function. Somebody, some few men at least, must know what they and the rest are supposed to do.

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### Unofficial—but Standard

**MAP AND AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH READING COMPLETE.** Third Revised Edition. Military Service Publishing Company. 157 Pages; Appendix; Maps; Photomaps. \$2.75.

This is the third revised edition of this standard military handbook and the best edition to date. The section on aerial photo reading has been expanded

to include the newest marginal information, point designation grids, stereovision and restitution techniques. A new chapter on ground navigation by dead reckoning has also been added.

This book was prepared to conform with the teaching procedures at the Engineer School in these subjects and the material in the book is thoroughly reliable. It's easy to use, with both basic and advanced material included.

For some unknown reason, the dimensions of the book have been increased to 7½" x 10½" instead of the previous manual-size. This not only makes it more awkward to carry and use but the photomaps that were formerly enclosed in a manila envelope with the older editions are now paged in with the text and are more difficult to use.

Despite these minor drawbacks, *Map and Aerial Photograph Reading* remains the standard handbook in its field.—R. F. C.

### Signal Memoirs

**SIGNAL VENTURE.** By Brigadier L. H. Harris, C.B.E., T.D., M.Sc., M.I.E.E. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 278 Pages; Index; \$3.50.

The author spent thirty-five years in military and civilian communication activities, including service as an enlisted man with the Australian Corps of Signals, service with the General Post Office of the United Kingdom, a member of the Territorial Forces of Great Britain, a Signal Officer with the British Army in the Dunkirk operation, in the preparation of the defense of the British Isles against the threat of German invasion, and as a prominent member of an international military communications staff at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force.

In this book he has recorded in interesting and easily readable form a narrative of his many experiences.

Brigadier Harris was a great team player on the international staff at SHAEF and explains in lucid language the problems which confronted that staff and the methods adopted to effect the necessary coordination and direction for the signal operations for the Normandy assault.

This book is an excellent guide to all who are interested in signal communication work, from the battalion to the theater headquarters, and should be read by all officers who have a broad interest in the fields of signal communications as applied to warfare.—MAJOR GENERAL F. H. LANAHAN.

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**A SURVEY OF UNITED STATES PORTS.** By Dr. George Fox Mott. Arco Publishing Company. 227 Pages; Maps; Glossary. \$7.50.

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erations primarily for the use of the shipping industry. However, much of the material has a distinct military value as well. Essentially, he is interested in how ports operate, how trade flows and why ports falter. The port-by-port analysis is full of information useful to National Defense planners and transportation and logistical workers.

The book contains numerous charts and tables outlining tonnages, actual port facilities, rail facilities and other data of value in logistical planning and operations. Also included are detailed maps of ports. The military reader will welcome the glossary of port and terminal jargon.

While reader interest is necessarily limited, Dr. Mott has performed a real service in gathering together this valuable work which should be extremely useful in the shipping and transportation fields.—R. F. C.

**ENGINEERS OF THE SOUTHWEST**

PACIFIC 1941-1945. Reports of Operations: United States Army Forces in the Far East; Southwest Pacific Area; Army Forces, Pacific. By the Office of the Chief Engineer, General Headquarters, Army Forces, Pacific. Edited by Lt. Colonel George A. Meidling. 8 Volumes. Maps; Illustrated; Appendixes; Indexes. 1951.

This is the official record of the accomplishments by our Engineers in the Pacific, compiled from reports of AFPAC's Chief Engineer. Don't let its ponderous title throw you. The editor shied away from the "official report" tone and wrote for the reader. He produced a smooth-running, clear text in popular language.

The first volume, *Engineers in Theater Operations* (375 pages, \$6.50), is the most important, for it narrates the combat details of every operation, thus providing background for the entire series. The narrative emphasizes the role of ground combat units and shows how they were supported by organic engineers and the special brigades, and those of our allies. No one can deny that the Pacific engineer had a tougher job than his opposite number in ETO.

On 8 December 1941 our Army's trained Engineers in the Philippines added up to one aviation battalion less one company, one aviation company, and the 13th Combat Battalion (PS). Only established Philippine Army units had men with adequate training, with an additional 1,200 at OCS at Camp Murphy; its ten reserve divisions had paper units. Events caused planned training to be delayed until after the withdrawal to Bataan. As for equipment, Engineers who helped defend the Philippines were, says the editor, "like the Polish Cavalry, men on horseback preparing to tilt lances against tanks." They carried on with hand tools and pioneer equipment.

Anyone who served in a combat force in the Pacific won't have to be told here

of the organic combat engineers' accomplishments in supporting infantry, artillery and cavalry in thousands of drives and assaults on the Road Back. Before they reached Japan the webfoot variety had made 147 assault landings, transported 4.5 million troops, and delivered more than three million tons of cargo over beaches. In between fights, special brigade troops took time out to knock down fifty enemy planes and destroy more than 150 landing craft. They were first in the Pacific to use DUKWs, am tracs, 4.5-inch rockets and gunboats.

Figures on the purely engineering side are staggering. To mention a few: Tied end to end, the runways, taxiways and dispersal hardstandings constructed by our Engineers would make a one-lane road from San Francisco to Hollandia and on up to Tokyo. They hacked out 10,000 miles of road, put into operation 300 miles of railroad. Each mile of road and rail was matched by the equivalent of an 80-foot single-lane bridge. They provided 470 million square feet of hard-surfaced open storage and 45 million square feet of covered storage (equivalent to a warehouse 100 feet wide, 85 miles long). Housing construction would accommodate the population of Los Angeles, with a hospital of 128,000 beds thrown in. To store the oil they supplied would require a tank 50 feet in diameter and 2 miles high. Docks they built for 120 Liberty ships and 150 smaller craft could each day unload 100,000 dead-weight tons. Topographic units compiled 1,300 maps; the twenty million copies they distributed would cover an area about 6 feet wide from New York to San Francisco.

The third volume, *Engineer Intelligence* (467 pages, \$7.00), a historical record of engineer intelligence activities, is divided chronologically because such work could not begin and end in definite phases concurrently with campaigns.

*Engineer Supply* is the title of Volume VII (366 pages, \$6.50). It relates the tasks of that branch of the Corps that provided the matériel which enabled the Engineers to accomplish combat and engineering missions, and the supply problems, the build-up, and the uses of such matériel.

To one who has assisted in the production of 50-odd unit histories Volume VIII (451 pages, \$5.75) represents something unique in such works. Its title is *Critique*. Let the editor tell you about its contents: "Critique is a compilation of such conclusions, criticisms, and recommendations, presented in narrative form by campaign from the beginning to the end. . . . It is a composite appraisal, emphasizing exceptional or inadequate performances of the Engineers, including, where possible, reasons involved, corrective measures employed, and the recommended changes in Engineer standing operating procedures for the future. Analyses and deductions of Engineer officers from the highest to the lowest levels of staff and command



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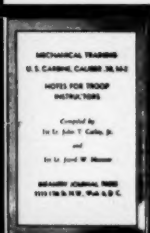
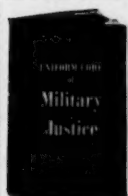
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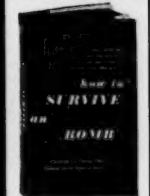
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